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THE GIFT OF  
SINCLAIR KENNEDY

CLASS OF 1897

THE  
**ORPHAN BOY;**

OR, A

JOURNEY TO BATH:

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

**THE ORPHAN GIRL.**

FOUNDED ON FACTS.



BY MARY BELSON,

*Author of "The Mice and their Pic-Nic,"—"Precept and Example,"—"Industry and Idleness,"—"Innocent Poetry,"—"Grateful Tributes,"—"Baby's Holyday,"—"Simple Truths," &c. &c.*



*A New Edition.*

LONDON:

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PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

Nov 818.14

Sarah Jane

Mary Hurd

Sarah Jane

from

Mary Hurd



Sinclair Kennedy

# THE ORPHAN BOY.

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In the spring of 1808, a travelling party stopped at a small inn, distant from Bath nine miles. The party consisted of a lady, her two daughters, a maid, and man servant. Mrs. Manchester was a widow of small fortune; but, although limited in wealth, her mind was rich in every quality that could adorn the human character: her two little girls were the only survivors of a numerous offspring, a consideration which, while it increased her love towards them, led her not to spoil their tempers, and weaken their understandings by false indulgences or unnecessary fears for their safety; convinced, the first was a pernicious principle, the latter, ever the care of a kind and protecting Providence.

The object of her present journey was to seek benefit from the Bath waters, after a severe fit of the rheumatism.

They had passed two days on the road, and were near completing the third, when the little family complaining of sickness, obliged them to stop at an obscure house of entertainment;

to procure some remedy for the evil. Here, however, the invalid became worse, and her own frame feeling the effects of travelling, Mrs. Manchester began to make inquiry as to the possibility of remaining all night at the Greyhound.

The landlady, unused to such guests, was immediately in a bustle, while every one under her command were in motion to assist in setting off the best bed-room, which had little to recommend it, save cleanliness; but, as ease, and not outward appearance, was Mrs. Manchester's object, she was satisfied; and, having ordered her own maid to see the beds properly aired, she herself administered to the sick child such aid as was likely to relieve her, and shortly after the sisters retired for the night.

- The anxious parent was sitting in a thoughtful posture before a large and cheerful fire, when the hostess, Mrs. Dobson, dressed in her best cap and apron, entered, to know what her ladyship should choose for supper, regretting that the lateness of the hour (for it was near nine o'clock,) put it out of her power to procure any thing very nice that her ladyship might fancy.

Mrs. Manchester was at all times extremely unfashionable in her diet, preferring plain roast or boiled to the higher seasoned viands that decorated the table of her acquaintance. At the present juncture her inclination for food was by no means great, she therefore only

requested a small piece of toast and an egg might be dressed for herself, but at the same time, aware that the landlady would expect a greater profit than such an homely meal would afford, desired the servants might partake of the best her house produced, and she would willingly pay the expenses attendant.

There was nothing uncommon in these orders; but the conciliating manner and condescending deportment of the speaker made a straight road to the heart of her landlady, who, possessing many inestimable qualities, though disguised in rustic habits, was immediately sensible her guest was no common character. The lock of the door, which had been turned round twenty times with her right hand, (while the left, in constant motion, was smoothing her apron,) now dropped, and, advancing to the chimney-place, she began to stir the fire, sweep the hearth, &c. with an evident desire of prolonging her stay.

Mrs. Manchester, alive to those small attentions so gratifying to our inferiors, began the wished-for conversation, by asking if it were three or four miles from the Greyhound to Chippenham.

With a low courtesy, Mrs. Dobson answered, three; supposed the lady had not made up her mind to stay a night on the road, when she came through that place, or she would have stopped *there*, for they did not lack good accommodation in Chippenham; time was (she added) when



herself was the mistress of a good inn there, but the death of her husband, losses in business, and the trouble of bringing up a large family, had brought her down to be landlady of the poor Greyhound.

Have you many children? inquired Mrs. Manchester.

I have my share of them, madam. I's eight, all alive; two to be sure are settled in life, but I have six on hand; nay, as for that, I might say seven, and no fib neither, for I have a dear little boy as came into my hands in a woeful way, and he has no friend on earth but poor I; at least, not to my knowledge.

*Indeed!* said Mrs. Manchester (whose humanity was instantly excited), may I trespass on you for the particulars?

With the greatest pleasure, ma'am; but I am afraid I shall be troublesome, and it is so bold to be forcing my own concerns on a lady like you.

Not in the least, my friend; on the contrary, you will oblige me by communicating your story of the child; but (pointing to a chair), you had better be seated, if your tale be long, it will surely tire you to stand while you are relating it.

My story is not over long, madam, but I'd scorn to intrude my company with one of your quality; I can say all I have to say, standing, my lady.

Her considerate auditor, however, overruled all her mistaken politeness, and to the no-

small gratification of the elated landlady, she was placed in her own arm-chair, opposite to the politest lady in the world (to use her own words); and, after a few hems, and a little confusion of manner, she thus began :—

You must know, madam, it is a twelvemonth last Christmas-eve that my son Tom, a lad of fifteen, went on a little business to his brother, as lives in Bristol, (he is in the grocery way, ma'am;) so, knowing his poor mother would be uneasy if he did not eat his plum-pudding with her, Tom makes up his thoughts to come back the same night. To be sure, it shewed his duty, for never was a colder blowing night remembered; there had been a great fall of snow, and then comes on a frost as seemed to cut one in pieces. As the night drew on, I was quite in a fretting mood, thinking he would walk, but, as it happened, he met with a coachman, an old friend, who drove one of the Bristol coaches, and he, out of kindness, ax'd my son to take a ride so far on his way. On the top of the coach was a man dressed in a great coat, very shabby, and quite an old hat on; in his arms was an infant, that he seemed to be very careful of; and Tom, being a tender-hearted lad to young children, began to play with the poor thing. He had a good warm coat of his own; so he contrived to wrap it round the little creature, who was almost perished with cold. He said it tried to speak, and did lisp out a few words, but he

could not understand him, only one, which was Denny. Daddy, I suppose, says Tom, to the man; no, no, says he, he means Denny for me. This, madam, seems nothing, but it is all we know concerning his friends; for, in a few minutes after, the unfortunate creature fell from the top of the coach, and a waggon passing at the time, went over him, and killed him on the spot. It was about eight o'clock, and pitch dark, so that they did not see him fall; and, if the waggoner had not called out, they had gone on. They were all in a terrible fright to be sure, and, after some thinking, they left the dead man at the Three Pigeons, which was close by where the sad affair happened; and my son said he was sure his mother would give the babe a night's lodging, and offered to bring it on to the Greyhound: the people there were not a little glad to get rid of the child, thinking it would cause them some trouble, and for that matter they did not like the man to lay in their house; but you know, ma'am, it's a thing that can't possibly be done, to move a body till the crowners have sat in judgment.

Well, madam, here they came, and I, hearing Tom's voice, ran out as fast as my lame knee would let me, for you must please to know I have the gout in my right leg now and then. Here mother, says Tom, is a present for you. Now I bethought me he spoke in a doleful way, but it seemed so natural that my eldest son should send me a Christmas-

box, that I stepped forwards to take the large bundle; but, bless me! I had near let it fall to the ground, when I found it was no less than a bouncing boy. In the name of wonder, lad, said I, where did you pick up this? Never mind that now, mother, said Tom, it's a sad business, but at any rate you'll give it house-room, for I can tell you it is likely not to get shelter if you don't. I was a parent, madam, and these few words went to my heart. Lord bless us! to think of a child like thee (said I to myself,) having no shelter on such a night, but to be left to the mercy of strangers!—thy hard fate begins early indeed. Well, madam, I brought the half-starv'd babe to the fire, and warmed its poor limbs, and my Martha made some bread and milk for the dear; it took a little, but soon began to fret and moan; so then I thought it might want sleep, and there I sat hushing and lullabying for an hour or two, while my son was telling us all the affair; but the little urchin was sensible of a loss in some way, and I verily believe did not rest one hour the whole night.

In the morning I bethought me what was to be done, the child was nothing to us, only a chance thing, you know, madam; and, Lord knows, I was not rich; but at any rate it was not to be cast into the world at such a tender age; so I argued the matter in my mind, and at last fixed to tell the whole story to Mr. James, the curate: he is a worthy creature, and

though I knew, with his poor living and ten children, he could do but little; yet sensible advice was not to be thrown away, and where so proper to seek the same, your ladyship, as from the clergy? Away I hobbled to the parsonage, and surprised him and his wife not a little by what I had to relate.\* Well, madam, he said it was a very shocking affair; and, for certain, no time should be lost in seeking the friends of the child; and he would ride to Bristol, and make inquiry, and put a notice in the papers, if he could not find any one as knew the man. All this was done, and the body of the unfortunate creature kept a week, to see if any living soul would step forward; but no such thing, all was mute on that score, and so they buried him: there was nothing in his pocket but a half-guinea, some loose silver, an old tobacco-box, and a pen-knife; the money was brought to me, for the parish kindly buried him at their own expense. What was now to be done; we were in as bad a plight as ever. The boy was still with me, and I could not find in my heart to make a stir about his going. Well, madam, there was a friend of mine that was setting out for London, and so we thought it advisable to write a letter by him to the lord-mayor, and tell his lordship the strange tale; but he said as how all that was nonsense, the only way was to put it in the public papers: to this we agreed, and so that method was tried; but all in vain, not a word from that time to this

has been heard on the matter ; all is as secret as the night the accident happened. I kept little Denny (for so we called him, after the man), while the seeking-out was in hand, thinking that every day would bring about a discovery, and after three months had passed, and we gave up all hopes, the neighbours began to gossip about how Mrs. Dobson would manage with the orphan. I was puzzled, for certain ; for, as I said before, I could ill maintain my own ; so, at last, a good woman, that lived at Clifton, and took in washing, offered to take him a week or two, by reason there were again great many high folks at that place ; and I thought, by showing his pretty round face, answered telling the story, it might put him on his heads to provide for him : you know how much better such things do happen so. Never forsake the dear offer appeared a kind certain my son Tom would do better for him, and ditcher to support his father. Parson is, madam, is poor Denny's story, knowing what you know, the worst may be to come, the 7th. for aught we know.

Mrs. Manchester was silent for some moments after the conclusion of the tale ; her mind, however, was not inactive, inclination pleaded strongly for the immediate adoption of the young orphan, while the recollection, that her fortune (should she quit the world before her children were grown up,) was scarcely adequate to secure them independence, gave a

strove to think it my duty, and scolded the young ones for making such a noise, though for certain my own heart was brimfull. Well, he was delighted when Sally said, Denny shall ride in a coach, and held out his arms to be lifted in; but, when he found that none of us was to go with him, he set up a terrible cry, and the good woman could not pacify him. However, she whipped up the horse, and away they drove. The children were all in tears, and for my part I was nigh choked, when, just as they got to the turnpike (which is where the road turns), he caught a glimpse of I, leaning any by the poultry-yard to take a last look, and such things, shriek as he gave (stretching out his fat they buried a for dear mammy), as pierced me pocket but a half-brough. I never said a word, old tobacco-box, and thought God Almighty would was brought to me, for turning my back him at their own expense. I was torn; so I tucked up be done; we were in as bad a palame leg would The boy was still with me, and I could call out to in my heart to make a stir about his going. Well, madam, there was a friend of mine that was setting out for London, and so we thought it advisable to write a letter by him to the lord-mayor, and tell his lordship the strange tale; but he said as how all that was nonsense, the only way was to put it in the public papers: to this we agreed, and so that method was tried; but all in vain, not a word from that time to this

back again to the Greyhound. Do you know, madam, I felt light as a fly, and methought, as I pressed the poor orphan to my bosom, that, if ever I was acceptable in the eye of my Creator, it was at that moment.

No doubt, my worthy host, replied Mrs. Manchester (all the feeling of a mother rushing at once to the heart), the impulse of that moment will plead for you, when millions shall tremble at the awful decision of their Maker; it is those real acts of humanity He fails not to reward here or hereafter. A pause of a few moments succeeded, when Mrs. Manchester (wiping away the tears that honored the cause), again entreated Mrs. Dobson to proceed.

I have little more to say, ma'am, (answered she), for since that time Denny has lived with me and mine, and, unless something far better turns up for him, I will never forsake the dear child, and I am certain my son Tom would turn hedger and ditcher to support his favourite. This, madam, is poor Denny's story, and God knows, the worst may be to come, for aught we know.

Mrs. Manchester was silent for some moments after the conclusion of the tale; her mind, however, was not inactive, inclination pleaded strongly for the immediate adoption of the young orphan, while the recollection, that her fortune (should she quit the world before her children were grown up,) was scarcely adequate to secure them independence, gave a



check to her liberal \*sentiments; again she wished to form some plan wherein she might be the chief, if not the entire, means of providing for him.

As these ideas passed rapidly through her mind, the good Mrs. Dobson (to whom the recital of the story had brought fresh to memory every distressing incident,) was leaning her hands upon her knees, in thoughtful mood.

Had he been a gentleman's son, said she, (after a few minutes' silence), we should have heard of his kin long since; but 'tis plain he belonged to the Irishman.

Was the man an Irishman? asked Mrs. Manchester. Why, your ladyship, I can't directly say he was; my son argued with the coachman about it. Tom thought, by his outlandish talk, he was a foreigner, the other said he was only one of the Irish. You see, ma'am, he had driven the Holyhead coach, and was used to their ways; but I believe they are a good people for all that.

Not a doubt of it, replied her smiling guest.

I hope so, madam; but I own, if Denny's shawl was an Irish one, they are not half so clever as us in their manufactures that way, such a gawdy, trumpery thing I never saw in my life, not to say the worse for wear; I have bought many a better, and far genteeler one, for four shillings. However, such as it is, I have kept it, for I thought, mayhap, the time would come, when even that poor token might

help out the poor child's story; nay, his little bed-gown and shoes are safely locked up, as I said every trifle would be of service.

I commend your precaution, observed the worthy Mrs. Manchester, and sincerely hope the time is not very distant that shall prove the utility of it.

Will you let us see the child to-morrow? Oh, by all means, your ladyship, he shall be up and dressed in his last new frock, long before you rise, madam, and highly pleased he will be, for he is not any way shy of strangers, but bold as the best.

Then, after a thousand apologies for her teasing such a lady with her humble affairs, and many regrets she had no better accommodation for such a guest, the delighted Mrs. Dobson quitted the room.

A clear pleasant April morning presented itself to the view of Mrs. Manchester's daughters, who, roused by the warm sun through the old window-shutters, gladly exchanged bed for a walk in the meadows. Fearful, however, of disturbing their mother, they crept, half-undressed, into the room adjoining, where Barbara slept, and, with her assistance, were soon equipped for the intended excursion. As they passed through the kitchen to enter the garden, little Frances could scarcely check her inclination to laugh, when Mrs. Dobson, in her long-waisted gown, with large flowers dispersed in gaudy colours over it, and a pair of

bright buckles in her high-heeled shoes, stepped from the table, where she was making a cake for their breakfast, to wish them a good morning. Julia, to whom her appearance was equally novel, but whose age and sense of propriety prevented her showing surprise, shook her head at the little giggler, and, taking her hand, led her quickly on; not, however, before she had returned (with all her mother's condescension) Mrs. Dobson's civility; and who, as soon as she left the room, began to expatiate on the politeness of her behaviour, so like her mamma, and the difference between this young lady and some others she could name, who, without half her pretensions, gave themselves the airs of a duchess.

As the sisters walked round the garden, in search of a gate, or opening, that should lead them to the fields, Julia expressed her regret that Frances should forget herself so much, as to laugh at the landlady to her face.

Why, dear Julia, answered she, did you ever see such a droll woman in your life; what a gown, with flowers as big as what you painted for a screen; and then her shoes, and shining buckles! oh, la! I was ready to burst with laughter, only you spoiled my fun. If she does not like to be laughed at, she should not dress so ugly, you know.

I know, returned she, that you talk like a silly child, and I am certain if mamma heard you, she would be extremely angry. You

don't consider that *our* dress must appear as strange to the good people themselves as theirs to us. They have been accustomed to such clothes, and therefore prefer them; we, on the contrary, who were never so far from London before, never saw any thing of the kind. I observed the difference as well as you, but I should never forgive myself if I had hurt their feelings by betraying my surprize.

Well, but you know, Julia, said Frances, (somewhat abashed,) you are a great deal taller and older than I, so you ought to know better; little girls can't always do right.

Why not (answered her sister), I don't see what should prevent them; at any rate, in cases like the present, there is no excuse, especially when you have such a mamma, who is telling us every day what we should do to be loved; am I not right (she continued), perceiving the colour of Fanny's cheeks heighten, as conviction flashed on her young mind.

Yes, I believe so,—I think so; she replied hesitatingly.

Speak out, my love, said Julia (stooping to kiss her), I know by that tear ready to fall, you are sorry for what is past; do not then be ashamed to confess it, I shall love you still better for owning it.

Frances made no reply, but the warm gushing tears rolled down her face, and she hid it in her sister's pelisse.

Come, come, cried Julia, think no more of

this, I well know you will act differently in future. Believe me, what I have said was well meant, and I should not have taken the matter up so warmly, but that I perceived the little girl who was washing the tea-cups observed your grimace, and blushed exceedingly. Think how you would bear to see any one laugh at mamma.

Oh, I should be very angry, indeed, answered Frances (raising her head); but what a difference between my mamma and this woman.

She is the little girl's *mother* though, returned Julia, and I dare to say as much beloved as ours can be.

That is true, said she, I never thought of that. How shall I pass the little girl again? She will think me a very bad child, and perhaps tell her mother. I will not go back that way.

That would be foolish, Frances; to avoid them would look suspicious. Take care and behave as you can do sometimes; and, when they see how civil and kind you are, the child may think she was mistaken, and that such a good little girl could not make game of her mother.

I will indeed, said Frances, as she wiped her eyes: but, tell me, do I look as if I had been crying, for here is Barbara coming, and I do not wish her to know how naughty I have been.

Walk on then (answered her sister), and I

will keep her in conversation awhile. But what child has she got in her arms?

Stop, Miss Julia, cried Barbara (as she advanced towards them), I can show you a near way into the fields, and have brought a sweet little boy to bear you company; as she said which, she placed the little Denny on his feet.

What a charming child! said Julia.

You dear little darling, cried Frances (forgetting her former trouble, in the delight of viewing our young stranger).

Does he belong to the people of the house? inquired Julia.

Yes, he belongs to them, answered Barbara, but he is not their child; its a shocking story, but your Mamma knows all about it,—Mrs. Dobson told her last night. When we get to yonder stile I will tell you all I heard. Is he not a fine creature? she added.

He is the sweetest child I ever saw, said Julia, as she took his hand, and, with Barbara, led him between them to the spot mentioned, while his golden locks, blue eyes, and ruddy cheeks, furnished Frances with a hundred remarks on his beauty, as she run before them, every minute turning to admire him.

When they reached the stile, she was the first seated, and almost cried because Barbara would not suffer her to nurse him; but at length allowed her to place him on the grass, and with tolerable patience listened to the story of his sorrows.

Although Barbara was ignorant of the particulars, she had gathered enough intelligence to communicate the heads of it, and this was sufficient to awaken pity in the hearts of her young auditors, who shed tears as she related her tale, and Julia, with a sigh, wished she was a lady of great fortune; but perhaps, she added, Mamma may think of something; for she is kind to every body, and surely a little orphan like this will make every one desirous to protect him.

No doubt, answered Barbara; but my dear mistress has thought of something by this time, for she was quite dull and gloomy last night, after Mrs. Dobson told her, and I heard her sigh many times in the night. I guessed she was fretting about the child,—it is so like her to make other people's troubles her own.

Julia's heart bounded at this tribute in praise of her mother; and, had Barbara looked, she would have witnessed the tear of gratitude that accompanied the squeeze she gave this faithful servant's hand; but Barbara was on a favourite topic, and too much engaged to notice any thing, had not the entertaining prattle of the smiling Denny awakened her attention to other subjects. Frances had gathered some butter-cups and daisies for his amusement, and he was shewing them to Julia and her humble friend, with all the delight of infancy; Look, look, said he, when he found Barbara insensible to his dumb signs, at the same time putting the flowers in her face,

See, cried Julia, what a bad scald or burn he has had on his left hand.

Yes, returned Barbara, but they do not know how it happened; it was before he came to them; poor thing, losing his father was not his first trouble.

While Frances exerted herself by every means in her power to divert her new acquaintance, Julia could not forbear remarking to her how superior Mrs. Dobson was to a fine lady, notwithstanding the awkward style of her dress.

Don't say a word, Julia, said she, I shall like long waists and bright buckles as long as I live.

Her sister could not forbear smiling at the sudden change in her opinion, though she was prevented taking further notice by the presence of Barbara, who was not to be acquainted with the misbehaviour of little Frances.

Barbara, however, perceived there was some cause for her young lady's remark, and was about to make enquiry, when Mrs. Dobson's eldest girl came running to say the lady had rung the bell; she therefore dropped her intention, and, hurrying away, left the young stranger with his new friends, who passed the ensuing half-hour in fondling and diverting him; and when, at eight o'clock, they returned to the house, they had so far won on his heart by their kindness, that the united endeavours of Mrs. Dobson and her daughter could not separate him from them without tears; Julia, who knew his little prattle would be no intru-



sion to her kind mother, entreated he might breakfast with them, to which at last the good woman consented, but not until she washed his cherub face and smoothed his golden hair, which, spite of her efforts, divided into a hundred playful ringlets. His countenance was particularly lovely, and his laughing blue eyes now beamed with delight, now glistened with tears; the latter were scarcely dried on his cheeks as the two open-hearted girls led him into the parlour, where their mother waited breakfast.

See, see, my dear mamma, cried Frances, what a sweet darling little boy we have brought to take coffee with us; his name is Denny: don't you love him, mamma?

I am much interested for him, my love, answered Mrs. Manchester, and no doubt could very soon love him; as she said which, she placed him on her knee, and, parting the luxuriant curls, pressed her lips to his snowy forehead: dear boy, she added, this is a countenance that makes its way to the heart at once, and pleads strongly for your orphan state.

Seated at the tea-table, little Denny was loaded with the best of every thing; and, had not her mother checked her, Frances would have forced more upon the poor child than prudence permitted.

During breakfast, Mrs. Manchester was often lost in thought, as she viewed the interesting object before her. She felt an inclination to protect him, when listening to the story of

his misfortunes; that inclination was more than doubled when she beheld his winning form, and heard his infant merriment, as he played with her daughters. Wavering between her wishes and the fear of sufficient means to provide for him in future, she continued watching the happy groupe, when Mrs. Dobson, fearful he would be troublesome, entered to take him away. The child, however, who, young as he was, felt in a degree sensible of the notice taken of him, did not accede with his usual alacrity to her commands; and, when she advanced towards him, ran to Mrs. Manchester, with open arms, saying, Take Denny, lady, don't let Denny go.

*I will take Denny*, exclaimed his benefactress, as she raised him in her arms; then, turning to the landlady, she added, I have been thinking, my friend, that my small fortune will not allow me to do all that I could wish in regard to this sweet babe, but suppose you will have no serious objection to parting with him for twelve months; at the end of which time, if my health should be improved, I will engage he shall be no farther trouble to you; but, if fate should decree otherwise, he may be returned to his first protectors; but, even then, I will secure enough to pay for his schooling in time to come.

*Objection*, madam! (cried Mrs. Dobson,) la! I'm sure I had no thoughts your ladyship would be so generous, it's a thing I could not expect

from a stranger, and I feel God Almighty will give you health and strength to protect the friendless, while your own dear children will never know a sorrow for their mother's sake.

I have no right to expect that, returned Mrs. Manchester, smiling at her warmth; but that I can in any way give assistance to a fellow creature, will, I trust, ever afford me pleasure. Small as my power may be, yours must be still more contracted, and, of the two, certainly I am better enabled to bear the burden. It is a serious charge, however, and I could wish to converse with the clergyman you mentioned, ere I undertake it.

By all means, madam; and, if you could possibly wait till eleven o'clock, he will be here with Farmer Jones, about parish business, and I'm sure will think himself highly honoured to talk over the affair with your ladyship.

Mrs. Manchester readily assented to delay her departure until the above-mentioned time, and dismissed Mrs. Dobson, overcome with this unexpected good fortune, in which, the benefit that would accrue to her child of chance, as she termed him, bore a far larger part than the relief her own circumstances would experience by his removal.

In the interview that followed, Mrs. Manchester more fully explained her future plans in regard to the young orphan; and the worthy clergyman, who more than justified Mrs. Dobson's good opinion, perfectly coincided with

her in every particular. She moreover requested he would make a memorandum of the present transaction, and deposit the same, in case of death, in the hands of the head parish officers. This and every other matter settled, wherein the child was concerned, his amiable benefactress ordered the chaise to be got ready immediately.

The good landlady, in the mean time, had been putting together the best of little Denny's wardrobe, which, with the shawl and suit he wore when first he came under her protection, she delivered to Mrs. Manchester herself, not without evident agitation. Her truly maternal heart was pained at the sudden parting; and, while she rejoiced at his prospects, sighed to think she might never see him again.

Dressed in his best, caressed by the two lovely girls, the delighted babe was lifted into the chaise with no feeling but the present. The sight of Mrs. Dobson and daughters in tears seemed to awaken his fears, and, leaning out of the window, he cried impatiently, stop for mammy, take poor mammy, Denny won't leave her. The good woman, overcome by this proof of affection, gave vent to her grief in loud exclamations, not without a half wish to recede from her late agreement.—Mrs. Manchester foresaw some struggle must be made to prevent a scene equally distressing to all parties, if not a total stop to Denny's second excursion. With much presence of mind, "

drew him from the window on her knee, saying, mammy is going to dress herself in a new gown, to ride with Barbara (at the same time pointing to an empty chaise); there is a coach for them to come to Denny; make haste, she added, or we shall reach Bath without ye, and buy all the pretty things before you come; shall we not, love?

Barbara, who stood behind, and was to follow in the first Bath coach, here nodded to the postillion, who set off full speed. The sudden motion, and Mrs. Manchester's last words, for a while pacified her young charge; but in a short time he again became fretful, and, although the eloquence of the whole party was exerted, it had little effect on their object, who, ere they had proceeded three miles, cried himself to sleep in the arms of his kind friend.

Is little Denny going to live with us for ever, mamma? inquired Frances.

That, my dear, depends on circumstances; at present he will remain with us, and I doubt not you will unite with your sister in shewing him every kindness in your power.

Oh! yes, mamma; you know I am so very fond of babies; and he is so very pretty, I shall always do what he pleases.

Because he is so very pretty, Frances! fie, I did not think you were so silly; can a face or fine complexion take such fast hold of your affections? and would Denny be indifferent to you if his person had been less handsome?

Look at me, she continued, see how pale my cheeks are ; with all Julia's partiality for her mother, I doubt if she could support my claim to personal attractions ; yet I feel assured, the want of it never gave her a moment's regret, while you, I suppose, lose your regard for me daily, and every decrease of beauty lessens your affections.

Ah, no, said Frances (throwing her arms round the neck of her beloved parent), Julia does not love you better than I do. I like your pale cheeks as well as Denny's rosy ones, and would not change my dear mamma for any handsome lady, though she would buy me the finest playthings ; and indeed it is not Denny's pretty face that makes me love him entirely, for I should love any one that was poor, and had no friends ; but I cannot help liking to look at his funny blue eyes and red cheeks ; and don't you remember you said he was the prettiest child you ever saw ?

Yes, my love, returned her mother, I certainly perceived his beauty as well as yourself, but it was not that attracted me ; on the contrary, I was determined to serve him last night, when I had not seen him ; of course I could not be influenced by outward appearance. Had he been a plain deformed child, his friendless situation would have created equal interest in my bosom. Do not imbibe a notion, my love, that the best people are the handsomest ; on the contrary, it too often happens that this

very advantage proves the means of their being unamiable. The admiration of the world leads them to imagine they are as faultless in mind as face, and they become conceited and ridiculous, wholly insensible of superior advantages.

The latter part of this speech was addressed to Julia, whose cheeks bore testimony of the admonition it was intended to convey.

I remember, continued Mrs. Manchester, seeing a young girl, a short time since, so elated by the injudicious praise of some persons present, that the remainder of the evening she was perfectly silly and disgusting: yet I have the highest opinion of her heart and mind, nay, it is the greatest bliss of my life to witness the expansion of both, but then I feel a conviction it is a circumstance not likely to happen again; as such, I only mention it to confirm my assertion,—that beauty often makes the possessor ridiculous, if not unamiable.

Julia was about to acknowledge all she felt at this moment, but her considerate mother, placing her finger on her lips, with a significant look at Frances, intimated, that, however alive she was to her child's feelings, it was not her wish to expose them unnecessarily.

The gratified girl understood the delicate hint; and, although she gladly availed herself of it, could not refrain from tears, which fell on the hand of her parent, as she extended it in token of amity (behind the back of the unconscious

Frances), and, kissing them off, she exclaimed softly, Nectar to a mother's lips. Then, after a pause, she added, Do you not tremble, girls, at the idea of our little charge waking? I fear we shall have the same painful task to go through again. I would we were at our journey's end.

So do I, said Frances, for I do not like riding so long. When we were in London I thought I liked a coach best, but now I would rather walk all the way by myself, than go on in the chaise.

When you were in London, my love, your rides were short, and the bustling scene around made them appear still shorter, as it engaged your attention. This journey seems to have sickened you of travelling, but bear up a little longer, and it will be ended. However, I imagine if we were to take you at your word, and put you out to walk, you would prove a poor pedestrian; what say you, Julia?

I fancy, mamma, she would wish herself squeezed in between you and I before she reached the first mile-stone.

Why I am not so little, answered Frances, something piqued; don't you remember the girl we saw running after the chaise, and she said she could run two miles?

Yes, but then she was used to it; now, you never walked two miles in your life, at one time; you might tumble as well, perhaps, added Julia, laughing.



I wish I could, cried Frances, for it was very droll; but, poor thing, you know she had lost one of her fingers by a coach-wheel. I was so glad mamma gave her a shilling.

Indeed I did not, Frances; it was but a penny.

A penny! echoed Julia; why, ma'am, you gave a sixpence to the child with the basket of eggs, and there was nothing the matter with her. She said she could spin, and sew, so of course was able to get her living better.

And which, Julia, was the greatest object of charity,—the industrious little being, who, even at that early age, was capable, by her own exertions, of contributing to her maintenance; or the idle girl, who, in pursuit of an improper custom, was deprived of a finger? Her parents are, no doubt, to blame for suffering her to pursue such idleness; had she been kept at home, employed in some useful work, the accident would not have happened, and she might have been a counterpart of the little market girl. I owned I was grieved to see so many fine healthy children wasting their time in such folly, for the sake of a few pence; and, although I trust I shall never pass real distress without affording a trifling relief, yet such objects as these would never interest my feelings, but to awaken regret at their mistaken way of life. Real charity, Julia, makes distinctions; the impulse of the moment that leads us to relieve indiscriminately, does not deserve to be styled this first of virtues. There is even

a degree of self-love in following its dictates ; for it is generally as much to remove the painful feeling the sight of distress creates, as to render service to the unfortunate suppliant,—thus thinking, your surprize will cease at the smallness of my bounty to the little tumbler.

I own it did surprize me, mamma, for you are so liberal to the poor, in general ; but, now you have given me your reasons for so doing, I not only think you are right, but shall endeavour to avoid falling into such an error, whenever I may witness distress in future.

Do so, my dear; returned her mother, and your trifling gifts will not be ill bestowed ; for sure there is a much greater gratification in relieving one truly deserving person, than in administering to the evil propensities of the idle. Early habits of industry must ultimately lead to good, either as finding employment for those hours which the rich too often feel irksome and heavy, or as a means (should fortune prove fickle) to gain that independence which is so far preferable to *dependence* even on our own friends. It is the conviction I feel of its utility, that induces me to encourage, with every reward in my power, the least trait of ingenuity or rational employment I perceive in my dear girls. Frances, indeed, is somewhat dilatory in many respects ; but I hope, with your example before her, and a few years over her head, she will prove all I could wish.

Frances did not exactly understand all her mother had said, but the hints of habitual idleness were not lost upon her, and, with some confusion, she was beginning to make great promises for the future, when Mrs. Manchester interrupted her, by observing, she should be more satisfied in witnessing an improvement in her conduct, than by any present protestation.

At this moment their young charge awakened, and again began his lamentations for absent friends. Their efforts to soothe him, however, were more successful than before, and by the time they reached Bath he was tolerably composed. Dinner, sweetmeats, and a variety of toys, kept his mind in continual pleasure; and when, in the evening, Barbara put him to bed, overcome with fatigue and play, his anxious protectress indulged a hope his regrets would not be of long duration. A few days produced a material change in the petted boy, whose moments of sadness did not occur very frequently, and in less than a month he was the happiest of the happy. Naturally of an open, generous disposition, the slightest reproof checked his foibles, while a word or a look from Mrs. Manchester was followed by cheerful obedience. Julia, too, had her share of his confidence; and in all affronts (fancied or real), he received from the volatile Frances, he flew to her for redress. It would be superfluous to add, he was tenderly beloved by the

whole family, who vied with each other in bestowing every mark of attention on the lovely orphan.

Mrs. Manchester had taken the chief part of a house in Gay-street, a pleasant situation, the rear of which overlooked a gravel-walk, esteemed a fashionable promenade, and, early in the morning, the resort of youthful pedestrians and their attendants.

Here Barbara, with her young ladies and little Denny, enjoyed the invigorating breeze of a fine April; while Mrs. Manchester, from the breakfast-room, watched, with maternal eye, their juvenile sports. When health permitted, she did not fail to accompany them in their walk, or to the Pump-room, and other places of morning resort; but, although the novelty of Bath, its picturesque views, and elegant buildings, gave no small delight to the juvenile party, yet this same gravel-walk was usually preferred; for here they mixed with those of the same age, and could view their beloved parent as she sat at her window; sometimes indeed they extended their walk to the Crescent, which, from its contiguity, allowed little Denny to join them.

It was in one of these latter walks an intimacy commenced between the young Manchesters and a brother and sister, who had frequently met them in these morning rambles, but, until this day, had not spoken. They were the children of a gentleman who had

amassed a large fortune in India, at the expense of his health, for the restoration of which he was now a resident of Bath. Deprived of a mother at an early age, they had been left solely to their own guidance; the mistaken father indulging their every wish, nor suffering an individual to lay the smallest restraint on their actions. Adverse to public education, and fearing to curb them by proper tutors at home, they received lessons from the different professors at stated periods; but it too often happened, that, from natural inactivity, fancied indisposition, or some frivolous cause, they left them without giving any instruction; in consequence of which, Charles Bentley, at the age of thirteen, and his sister Caroline, at eleven, were almost ignorant of every thing that is requisite for youth to be acquainted with.

It is natural to conclude, that children, so educated, should have acquired a number of pernicious habits, as well as a false idea of things in general.

In Charles, the fatal consequences were most evident; to a temper petulant and hasty, was united an unconquerable pride, which, never having been checked in earlier days, became insufferable to all but his misguided father. Though too indolent to repair the waste time that had elapsed since their return to England, there were certain periods when the superior abilities of other boys, or the deficiency he felt in common matters, excited the

painful feeling, that he was the least informed of the company. It was on these occasions he called in the aid of hauteur and consequence, which he imagined his father's wealth entitled him to assume.

With boys of equal rank, such conduct only excited ridicule and contempt; he was therefore desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of those inferior to him in point of situation, whom he failed not to mortify by every means in his power, wherein riches had any share. At first he endeavoured to win their esteem by an ostentatious display of wealth, purchasing a variety of trifling articles, which he distributed in presents to the intended victims; but no sooner had this false generosity taken the desired effect, than he threw off the mask, and his deluded companions soon felt how dearly they had purchased his liberality.

Nature had bestowed on him a far better form than mind,—a gift that only increased his vanity, and added to his other unhappy foibles.

His sister had imbibed some of his bad habits, but, as her disposition was amiable, they did not lead her into such great errors; while the censurable part of her conduct seemed to have originated solely in the inattention of her father's mode of education. She was not deficient in that ignorant sort of pride which so particularly marked her brother's character, but it was more from the force of example than natural arrogance; and, when she perceive

the feelings of her companion hurt by her assuming it, she was ready to make every atonement to the party offended.

Such were the young persons who solicited the acquaintance of the amiable Julia and her sister Frances. A short walk together gave them a sufficient degree of intimacy to appoint a meeting in the gravel walk in the ensuing day.

Caroline Bentley had several times expressed a wish to be introduced to Julia, whose person and manner had much interested her, but her brother (though he acknowledged she was a very nice-looking girl), was averse to any overtures on their side, for, he wisely observed, they were never attended by a footman, and of course could be of no rank whatever.

This objection was somewhat contrary to his lately-adopted plan of cultivating friendship; for he was now always desirous of being the head of his acquaintance. The truth was, he heard enough of a conversation between Miss Manchester and Barbara, to convince him the former was not a girl to value his wealth or superb dress; and he had received so many mortifications of the kind, that he was less than ever desirous to subject himself to new ones.

His sister satisfied herself with his discovery of their want of rank, and only wished they had been great people, for the pleasure of Julia's acquaintance. Thus, from a most ridiculous motive, depriving herself of the society of a girl, whose every action evinced pro-

priety, and might have proved highly advantageous to the misguided Caroline.

All barriers, however, were removed, when, at Lady Bengal's dinner, she heard Mrs. Manchester mentioned as a woman of good family, and most exemplary character; while the amiable qualities of her daughter were spoken of as a pattern to all the young ladies in Bath. Miss Bentley determined on a friendly intercourse with this interesting stranger the very next opportunity; while her brother, who foresaw he could not make any reasonable attempt to retard the acquaintance, endeavoured to console himself with the hint that was given of Mrs. Manchester's small income,—which at least gave him one advantage over them, for conscience whispered he had little chance of any other.

For the first two or three days after the intimacy had commenced, Charles was so much upon his guard, that Julia, although she felt no particular esteem for him, had not discovered any of his numerous failings; and, to his sister, she paid a more than common attention. The natural good humour of Caroline, which was now exerted to engage Julia's good opinion, this desire to please, called for a grateful return on the part of her new friend.

The little Denny had his share of notice, and Miss Bentley soon became a great favourite with him. Seldom a day passed that she did not bring him cakes, toys, &c.; yet we ar-



obliged to confess Denny owed the chief of this kindness to the charms of his person: had he been less attractive, the prejudices of education would have sunk all his claim to regard with the simple Caroline.

A maid-servant and footman generally attended the Bentleys, when they walked; while Barbara alone accompanied her young ladies, — Mrs. Manchester having but two servants with her, and the man was too much engaged in the house to be spared on these rambles. The full reliance she had on the prudence of her faithful Barbara prevented an unnecessary fear in their absence; and she had no ambition for show or parade.

Have you *no* men-servants, Miss Manchester? inquired Charles, as they walked the Crescent one evening.

Only one, answered Julia, (not in the least embarrassed by the tone in which he asked the question,) and but three maids.

I wonder, returned he, how you manage with so few; my father keeps thirteen, and finds that number too small: I dare say we shall have twenty before we complete our establishment. We have a good spirit among us, and, I believe, few folks in Bath have greater connexion; and, as to expense, my father never considers it for a moment; indeed, you would say, it would be strange if he did, who hardly knows the extent of his wealth. Do you know, he added, I really feel awkward

when visiting families who live in an inferior style; every thing seems so coarse, so common, and so ill served.

No doubt, said Julia, you feel these things severely. Now, on the contrary, I, who have not been accustomed to such style, can easily accommodate myself to that of my friends.

The emphasis, laid so strongly on several words in the foregoing speech, gave an unpleasant sensation to the consequential Master Bentley, who, more tenacious of offending than was usually the case, endeavoured to soften his insulting hints, by observing,—that it was difficult for people of rank to conform to every-day rules: don't you think so, Miss Manchester? he continued, evidently confused.

I have been so differently brought up from those in high life, answered she, that I cannot be a judge of their feelings: but, I confess, where I love or esteem, the situation or rank of the parties never proves an obstacle to my feeling comfortable with them.

No, certainly; that, to be sure, would be wrong,—that is, we ought not to despise poverty: but surely there is no occasion to make their way of life ours, merely in compliment to their being poor; and I think it would be acting like a hypocrite to pretend to feel pleased, when every thing is so different to what one has been used to.

Here he paused for a reply from Julia, convinced, in his own mind, that the truth of thi-

could not but strike her most forcibly; but the amiable girl, disgusted by his ignorant pride, and assured her powers of eloquence were inadequate to remove it, was silent.

The arrogant Charles, incapable of proper discernment, imagined she was confounded by his last observation; and, flattered by the idea, gave full scope to his folly; running from one subject to another, never forgetting to display the many extravagant actions he had been guilty of, and the many more he intended to enter into, as his allowance of pocket-money was sufficient to enable him to dash like a boy of fashion. You must know, he added (after overpowering the astonished girl with his nonsense), that I once gave away five guineas just for fun.

For fun! exclaimed Julia.

Aye, for fun entirely. I'll tell you how it was. We were on a visit at Lord Thornbury's, in Cumberland; he has a most beautiful seat there. Oh! what style *he* lives in; and for servants, Lord! I don't know how many he has; I have often tried to count them, but could never get the exact number. You see nothing but silver and gold at his table. I declare I was never so happy in my life; and how I did call about me to be sure, though we had plenty of our own creatures, but I was determined they should know I was up to their dash; and I dare say they were not sorry when we left them (that is the servants I mean), yet

my father left something like a present for them with my lord's man, for a trifle could not be offered in such a family. I can assure you they do live in the grandest style.

I know they do, said Julia, calmly.

What then, have you heard of our visit there, and the respect he paid papa?

No, indeed, returned she, I never had that pleasure; but I have seen the grandeur you speak of.

Why, is your mamma acquainted with his lordship; and does he know you.

He is my uncle, said Julia, smiling.

Your uncle! echoed the surprised upstart; well, that is most extraordinary, my sister and self never once supposed such a thing! and how close you kept it—you thought to surprise us. Here Caroline, said he, stop, we want to speak to you.

Caroline, who, with Frances, was teaching Denny to trundle a hoop, left her employment, and returned towards Julia and Charles.

What do you think? cried he; Lord Thornbury is Miss Manchester's uncle.

Is it possible, brother? Oh! then she has seen all the fine things at Castle Darwin; and, I suppose, can go there whenever she likes. Oh! how I envy you such an uncle, she added (turning to Julia); he is so rich, and lives so elegantly.

I am sorry, returned Miss Manchester, that

You should envy me that which never gave me a moment's gratification.

Why, are you not proud of being niece to such a man as my lord?

Not on account of his rank, I assure you. He is a good man, I believe, and as such, perhaps, I may not be sorry to claim relationship; but, I trust, title or wealth will never influence my regard, especially for relatives. I have another uncle, mamma's own brother, whom I love still better than my lord, and yet he is but a merchant, and far from rich; but then I know his worth,—I have seen his good actions, and am certain he would protect us to-morrow if we were destitute; so no wonder I should regard him.

Miss Bentley listened to her with real surprise; sentiments so different to those she usually heard, and delivered by one not much older than herself, seemed to awaken a sense of right in her hitherto-prejudiced mind; and, at the conclusion of Julia's speech, she fixed her eyes on the animated girl (whose countenance glowed with pleasure, as she spoke of her uncle's good qualities), and, in a tone that indicated her astonishment, said, So you do not think titles or riches of any consequence, then?

Not of the smallest, returned Julia; on the contrary, I have known more amiable people in middling life, than in higher rank. I will

name one instance, that I think must give you a better opinion of your inferiors than you seem to entertain at present. She then related, in warm terms of admiration, Mrs. Dobson's share in poor Denny's story ; and appealed to the candour of Caroline, if such an action would not do honour to a duchess ?

The self-convicted auditor acknowledged Mrs. Dobson was an excellent woman ; and, taking the little orphan's hand, as he ran to her with his hoop, inquired if he would remain with Mrs. Manchester ?

I hope so, replied Julia ; it will not be from want of inclination if he does not : but my mamma is not rich, therefore I fear she cannot do all she wishes ; but I know her heart so well, that I am convinced she would deprive herself of every comfort, to provide for the fatherless.

She is very good, then, said Caroline ; for it is not every body who would take a total stranger, and bring him up as their own,—more especially as you say your mamma is not rich.

Yet mamma thinks she barely does her duty. Only that it would appear vain, I could tell you a hundred things that she has done, that all who know her think a great deal of ; but she only laughs at them when they praise her, and says such actions are trifles, and do not deserve commendation. Oh ! you know not, Miss Bentley, how dearly I love her, and

would not exchange my mother for a queen; she is all I could wish her to be, though without rank or riches.

You are a happy girl, sighed Caroline, to have such a parent. I wish my mamma had lived, perhaps she might have been as amiable, and I more like you; for I perceive you have but a poor opinion of me, having been so much taken care of yourself.

You wrong me, indeed, answered Julia; for I think very highly of you. That I have been so well attended to, I have to thank my dear mamma, who has spared no pains to remove all prejudices, and instruct me in every thing useful. One of her first lessons was to value riches only as they gave the possessor more extensive power to diffuse comfort to the unfortunate; as such, I have never considered it as deserving particular attention; and, when I hear people give themselves airs of consequence, because they happen to have a large share of it, I always think of what mamma once told me,—that either the head or the heart of such persons must be weak.

Charles (who, during this conversation, was twisting a gold tassel from an elegant silk purse, sometimes whistling, as if unconscious of what was passing, but, in reality, swallowing with avidity every word,) felt his colour rise as Julia repeated her mother's remark; and, judging from his own conduct in such a case, imagined she meant to insult them.

Julia was certainly off her guard when she concluded her speech; but the disgust she felt at the contemptible preference for pomp and fortune, which her new associates betrayed, made her eager to explain her own ideas on the subject, and, if possible, lower or abash the arrogance of the overbearing Charles, whose confusion, however, she no sooner beheld, than her late behaviour gave an equal tinge to her own cheeks.

Far different were the feelings that produced this confusion, while mutual silence succeeded for a few seconds; and which, at length, was broken by Miss Bentley, who, with somewhat of reproof in her manner, said, *We have never been taught to despise what perhaps is really of no value, or to use it, when in our power, to the comfort of others; but I hope our weakness is of the head, not the heart.*

The anger, not to say indignation, of Charles, which flashed in his large black eyes, and seemed to threaten Julia with all his powers of vengeance, gave but trifling uneasiness to the intended victim, compared to this appeal to her feelings; which, while it reproved her unintended sarcasm, made it doubly severe, by proving *one* of the parties offended had sensibility to feel it.

Can you suppose, for a moment, Miss Bentley, cried she eagerly, that I spoke personally, or would designedly insult you?

No matter, answered Caroline (averting her



face, to conceal the tears of mortification that chased each other down his burning cheeks); all girls are not so fortunate as Miss Manchester, in having a mother who has made it her study to improve her children, nor is every one born clever.

Ah! do not speak *thus*, said Julia; what I have inadvertently said cannot have hurt you half so much as this reproof does me. I see your brother is angry, but he has no right to be offended; for, had I chosen to have noticed it in the beginning of this unfortunate conversation, he sufficiently insulted me, but it was on a subject so beneath my consideration, that I passed it over without a thought of retaliation.

Because you know yourself on the right side, answered Caroline; and all he might say could not make you appear less amiable. He could not attack your heart or understanding.

I never insulted Miss Manchester, said her brother, or meant to do so in the least; I have not such an opinion of myself, as to suppose every body inferior to me in point of sense.

Charles Bentley never told a greater untruth; for, had any one else entertained the same ideas of his cleverness, that vanity had created in his own silly head, there would have been few whose talents would have borne a comparison. In the present case, his intention was to mortify Julia by his insinuation of her self-consequence.

The hint was not lost upon her; but (more

vexed by Caroline's displeasure than his meanness,) she replied, Whatever my self-consequence may have been, I should retain very little of it, if I thought your sister could seriously imagine I wished to wound her feelings. Do not let your brother, she added, heighten your resentment by his ungenerous remarks; all the world could not make me think ill of you, though you were never to speak to me more. I thought you had felt a regard for me.

So I did, and still do, returned the good-hearted girl, and I am sure I would not have said a word to vex you for the world. What Charles has said or done I know not; but think he never could mean purposely to offend, if it were only on your uncle's account.

Oh! it was before he knew of my being Lord Thornbury's niece, though I hope that would have made no difference. Had you been a beggar, I should have been as tenacious of insulting you as I am at present. It is *you* I regard, not your rank or wealth.

No, you are above such folly, answered Caroline; and I think you so good, so clever, that I blush to think how deficient I must appear in your company. Oh! why did I not know you before?

It is I who have to regret that, said Julia; and if I thought well of you when we met this evening, how must I esteem you at this moment. Only regard me as sincerely as I feel I do you, and we shall ever be friends; b

then we must put entire confidence in each other.

A bargain, answered the good-natured girl (extending her hand as she spoke). I can only say, that——

You are one of the best-hearted girls in the world, interrupted Julia, as she shook the offered hand.

You can flatter *too*, replied Caroline, laughingly.

No, said Julia, not flatter, but I can speak the truth, and would be sorry to witness merit without giving it due praise. Caroline, (she continued,) you must come and take tea with us. You do not yet know my mamma. I am well assured she will feel most happy to receive you. She is fond of studying the characters of young people. Yours will afford her ample pleasure.

Do you think she would deem it worth her while to improve it? asked Caroline, blushing.

Try her, said Julia. Ah! how hurt she would have been, had she witnessed our late disagreement, to think you should suppose me capable of insulting either yourself or brother, who, I am sorry to say, is somewhat captious.

Charles (who, the moment his sister began to make what he termed humiliating concessions to a girl of no fortune, walked hastily on, but not without several frowns and shakings of the head, to stop her) was now walking sullenly by the side of Frances (Denny

being under the care of Barbara), and sometimes asking questions about her uncle, Lord Thornbury; which she, not suspecting any thing had happened, and rather more proud of her relation than her sister, answered, with all her natural vivacity; and he learned, with surprise, that his lordship had, more than once, offered to take Julia entirely from Mrs. Manchester, but the fond mother refused to give up the charge and tuition of her child.

To Julia's remark, on the captious disposition of Charles, Caroline, shaking her head, replied, I am sorry to be obliged to acknowledge you are too just in your charge. He is, indeed, of a very unpleasant temper, so desirous of having every thing his own way, and, like his sister, so little capable of choosing the right, that I fear Charles will make but few friends. He is, nevertheless, my brother; and, in the midst of all his foibles, he loves me; therefore, I should be ungenerous to think too severely, the more so, when I have so many faults of my own to correct; for my sake, then, be friends with him.

Most willingly, said Julia.

Away ran Caroline after the offender, rather than offended, and informed him Miss Manchester was willing to forget the past, and shake hands with him.

He ungraciously replied, he was indifferent to her good or bad word; but, ere Julia had reached them, he had changed his mind, and

the niece of Lord Thornbury received a grumbling sort of apology, that would never have been offered to Miss Manchester without that relationship.

All parties now appeared reconciled; and, in a few minutes subsequent, parted for the night, with every assurance of regard.

On the Manchesters' return home, they found their mother anxiously waiting tea for them, their walk having been prolonged far beyond the usual time.

Julia accounted for it, by naming their meeting with the Bentleys; with whom, she added, a long conversation had passed.

Yes, mamma, said Frances, eagerly; we have been talking of my uncle Thornbury. They know him very well; and Charles Bentley asked me a great many things about Castle Darwin. He has been there, and seen the temple, the grotto, and all the pretty sights. How rich Charles's father must be, she added; do you know, he told Julia he gave away five hundred guineas for fun.

No, no, said Julia, laughing; not five hundred, but *five*.

Five too many, I think, answered Mrs. Manchester. Pray what might the species of merriment be that he so dearly purchased?

Why, that I am still ignorant of, ma'am, returned Julia; for his story was interrupted by his own folly, and my rudeness.

Indeed! exclaimed her mother; why how,

my dear, could you forget yourself so much as to be rude to your new favourites?

I will tell you, mamma, said the ingenuous girl, who (above concealment, and despising that false shame that shrinks from the acknowledgment of error,) was eager to make a confident of a mother, who had ever proved her most indulgent friend; and, with a caution to Frances not to repeat what she would now hear, related the whole transaction.

You certainly have been guilty of a breach of politeness, said Mrs. Manchester, as her daughter concluded; but I can readily believe the offence was undesignedly given. For Miss Bentley's sake, I am particularly sorry; her brother is beneath our regret, and even to her it may be of infinite service. She has good sense, though it has been suffered to remain uncultivated; and the feeling she betrayed at the supposed insult, evinces she is open to conviction. Poor girl! how unfortunate for her future happiness, that she has no kind judicious female friend at this critical juncture, who would snatch the golden opportunity to preserve her opening virtues.

She has *one*, replied Julia, eagerly; for you will be her friend, mamma; and, if you knew how anxious she is to be instructed by you, to open her heart, and own all her foibles to your considerate ear, I am certain you would not hesitate to offer your best counsel.

But, my dear, answered the smiling mother,

you do not consider that such a plan may be displeasing to Sir John Bentley, he would think it an intrusion to interfere with his family concerns; and, although he has so shamefully neglected their education himself, he would feel tenacious of others discovering their deficiencies.

You will allow her to visit us, at any rate? said Julia.

With pleasure, Julia; I conceive such a girl may make a valuable friend, though not an improving acquaintance: her brother, no doubt, will shun our society, and I imagine the loss will not be on our side. Be polite to him, however; it does not enhance our conduct to follow the example we despise, and, if we wish to attach the ingenuous Caroline, we should be careful not to give her the slightest shadow of offence.

Julia perfectly agreed in this last advice of her mother; nor did she forget to impose her commands on Frances, never to shew the least resentment towards Charles, who was no great favourite with her already.

The next day Caroline Bentley took tea in Gay-street, and Mrs. Manchester beheld, with regret, the ill consequences of her neglected education; the more so, when she discovered that her mind was capable of receiving the best instruction, and her prejudices, those of others, not characteristic. The diffidence that marked her manner the first half-hour by de-

grees wore off, as Mrs. Manchester, in a soft encouraging tone, asked her those questions calculated to excite freedom; and, ere the evening concluded, Caroline felt all reserve unnecessary, and was not in the least abashed to ask any information which she found requisite in the course of conversation.

At taking leave, Mrs. Manchester invited her to bring her books the next morning, and take her lessons with Julia; which, she said, would make her more perfect for the period when she should receive lessons from masters. The invitation was gladly accepted, although it overwhelmed the conscious Caroline with confusion.

Charles listened to his sister's description of Mrs. Manchester with chagrin and vexation; he saw the power already gained over her, and feared it would be still more increased by a further intimacy; yet his veneration for Lord Thornbury's elegant house, style of living, &c. checked the many schemes he formed to break the connexion; he was obliged, therefore, to let things take their course; but the vexation he endeavoured to conceal from Caroline was vented on all under his control, and for several days it was impossible for any of the servants to please their captious young master.

Those only who have been in the like situation can conceive the mortification and real shame which Miss Bentley experienced in her morning studies with the well-informed Julia;



to the latter all was easy, and appeared more an amusement than any kind of task, while even the young Frances was acquainted with some necessary trifles that, until this intercourse, had never once entered the head of the thoughtless Caroline. Her four years' tuition in French left her far behind the industrious Julia; and, when geography was the employment, her finger wandered over the maps, without fixing on any place, frequently mistaking an island for a continent, and hardly knowing latitude from longitude; fearful of betraying her ignorance, she but added to her confusion, and the morning generally concluded with tears. For drawing, she seemed to have a pretty taste; but the careless manner of mixing her colours, often taking a blue for green, and dropping the wet pencil on her flowers or landscape, usually spoiled a promising effort.

On these occasions, Mrs. Manchester would laughingly point out the accident (as she termed it,) and propose another copy, at the same time regretting that so able a beginning should terminate so unfortunately. Caroline soon discovered that the good-humoured hint was a gentle reproof; and, as she felt that her only power to succeed in any accomplishment, at present, was this same one, she endeavoured to amend her careless habits, and pay a greater degree of attention to its principles.

We say endeavour; for, to a girl so long

accustomed to idleness, it was no small effort to bring her mind to a constant practice of any one thing. By perseverance, and Julia's example, she, in less than a month, conquered; and the just praise bestowed on the slightest improvement, by the judicious Mrs. Manchester, gave her spirits to proceed in her new undertaking. Her French and music masters were now regularly attended to; and, in the time that intervened between her lessons, Julia was applied to, to correct any mistake in practice; and her improvement was only equalled by the surprise she felt, at finding those acquirements so easy, she had hitherto considered as unattainable.

Charles beheld, with astonishment, the alteration. He hardly dare acknowledge to himself, how far superior her information was on every subject to his own; nor did he readily enter into any conversation, in which it was probable he might expose his ignorance, even to his sister. The desire he entertained at this time to enter a public seminary, was strengthened by Caroline's improvement; and he teased his father continually to send him to Westminster; not considering, that there his want of knowledge would place him in the very heart of ridicule and contempt; but the continual opportunity he should have of displaying his wealth, and confounding his school-fellows with his grandeur, overcame every other consideration; and he panted for the

happy moment that should enable him to begin his career.

The morning that followed his father's consent gave him fresh life and spirits; he even desired to meet the conceited Manchesters,—and more than once asked his sister what time she thought they would walk. Before they met, however, an incident happened, that ruffled his good humour, and gave a check to his proud spirit it had never experienced; but, as this incident led to a more interesting one, we shall forbear to relate it, until we have spoken a little more of the orphan Denny, who, in the house of his benefactress, knew no sorrow, no pain, but those attendant on infantine pursuits.

Mrs. Dobson had twice called to see him; and his friend Tom, several times. The sight of them recalled to his memory old friends, and their departure caused a shower of tears; but this over, all was peace again. At his early age impressions are never lasting, unpleasant ones particularly; this may be observed, by the eagerness with which children turn to those little bribes, offered in the midst of grief, and which will create smiles in a moment, the past no more remembered. He had been an inmate with the Manchester family nearly three months; during which time, every inquiry concerning his birth had been again set on foot—no pains or expense being spared to make the wished-for discovery. No further

information, however, was received, and Mrs. Manchester began to think he would be her own entirely.

It was now July; all who had any claim to fashion (invalids excepted,) had long quitted sultry Bath, where gaieties and amusements seemed to slumber. The amendment in Mrs. Manchester's health had kept her thus long; but she now entertained serious thoughts of returning home, and thence to Wales, where she had a small estate.

The prospect of parting threw a melancholy gloom over the young party. Caroline was about to leave Bath for Cheltenham, the physicians having given over the hope that her father's present situation would afford him any greater relief: in fact, his love of society and gay living had made Bath insufferable to him for some time; while his anxiety to leave it, and impatience at the delay, caused a fresh attack of his disorder, and obliged him to defer his journey a few days longer, to recruit his strength and spirits. During this temporary confinement, Caroline, who never left him, had an opportunity of displaying (without vanity) the valuable effects of Mrs. Manchester's kindness and Julia's example. Sir John could not be insensible to her increase of information; and, when he expressed his pleasure at witnessing it, her generous heart hesitated not to point out the source of her improvement.

The liberality of a stranger in taking so much pains with his daughter, contrasted with his own former neglect, caused a secret pang in the repentant parent; and he felt himself bound by all the ties of gratitude to offer his thanks personally, when returning health should permit.

The first day, therefore, he was able to take the air, he failed not to pay a visit of thanks to his unknown friend, who added to his obligations, by expressing the pleasure she experienced in rendering his amiable daughter any assistance in her trifling power to bestow.

With a sigh, Sir John asserted, hers was the only proper attention his neglected child had received: and he could only regret, that the separation so near taking place, would deprive her of instruction and advice, he feared, never to be equalled.

Not so, I hope, returned Mrs. Manchester; Miss Bentley is so deserving, that I feel convinced she will make friends of others, whose abilities must far exceed those of her present honoured ones; but, if the plan I have adopted for my own children's education, and which your amiable Caroline has so kindly shared with them of late, appears more eligible than any that offers at present, spare her, Sir John, for three months in Wales; and I trust at the end of that time we shall restore her more entitled to your approbation.

Ah! madam, answered he, you more than

meet my wishes ; however painful I may feel it to part with the dear girl, and lonesome as I shall be in her absence, yet my duty demands the sacrifice. I must overcome all selfish ideas, and console myself with the well-grounded hope of her future happiness in such society—she must be happy. My boy has been less fortunate than his sister ; but, I trust, the change he will shortly experience will tend to remove those foibles his unguarded situation may have given birth to.

Mrs. Manchester expressed the same hopes ; but her impartial judgment whispered a thousand doubts as to the accomplishment of the blind parent's wishes ; while the addition of his daughter's company to her own family circle, gave her sincere and lively pleasure.

It would be superfluous to describe the heart-felt joy the above arrangement excited in the bosoms of the youthful branches of the company. Julia and Frances were wild with pleasure. Caroline was not insensible to the same feeling ; yet the separation from a parent, who (however mistaken in his management) tenderly loved her, gave a check to the pleasing prospect, which so unexpectedly presented itself ; while the altered countenance, and increased infirmities, of her father but added to her rising fears.

The struggle between filial love and youthful pleasure was pictured sufficiently in her

tearful eyes, to betray the real state of her heart; nor did it fail to raise her in the esteem of her kind friends, and draw from Sir John expressions of the fondest regard.

Every thing was now settled, and it was the intention of each party to quit Bath in less than ten days. Sir John, with his son, were to proceed to Cheltenham, and, in October, from thence to London, where Charles was to be placed at Westminster: and (if his health allowed) the anxious father intended to fetch Caroline from Wales himself.

Charles Bentley was not so much surprised, by this new plan, as might be expected. He felt assured that an interview between his father and Mrs. Manchester would raise the latter in the esteem of Sir John, and the consequent intimacy that was likely to take place, would in time almost make them one family. The impression might perhaps have been of longer duration, had not his father avowed his intention of acceding to his wishes in the Westminster affair. His joy, on this occasion, knew no bounds; and he longed for the ensuing day to make known to his companion the grand victory he had obtained.

The eventful morning at length arrived, and ere seven o'clock, the Bentleys were ready to join their usual party in the meadows; but, as we mentioned before, the gay spirits of Charles met with an unexpected check; and, as he

could not readily overcome his mortification, Caroline sat out before him, attended by her own maid.

Little Denny was the first to discover her approach, and, with Frances, ran to meet her.

Where is your brother? asked Julia, when they had shaken hands. I thought we should have seen him in high glee this morning, now the Westminster business is settled.

So you would, replied Caroline, but for an unlucky circumstance that has taken place. I fear Charles is not altogether on the right side; but it is only his story I can relate, because I have not seen the other party concerned. You must know it is nearly five months since my brother persuaded papa to take a lad into his service, who was an entire stranger to us. He had served Charles in some trifling way, though I never heard how, and he did so teaze papa, that at last he consented. Well, he was to wait on his young master, and, in short, to be his servant only; in a little time, however, they fell out, and I must own my brother was very harsh and overbearing, and the lad had a great spirit, and would not acknowledge himself under great obligations to him for taking a poor destitute creature, who had neither home nor friends. I used often to check Charles in his severity to poor Patrick, but I fear not half enough. I did not then know you. I was not sensible of the insignificance attached to wealth, without merit. I trust, however, he was ne



ver wantonly offended by me, and, indeed, I ever received the greatest civility from him. I certainly now and then laughed at his brogue, (for he was Irish,) and you know it is exceedingly disagreeable, beside their horrid propensity to blunder and nonsense, which I really believe is the natural growth of their country.

Indeed! exclaimed Julia, do you *really* think so?

Why, do not you? returned the hesitating Caroline, half guessing at the *blunder she* had made on the score of liberality.

Oh no! replied her warm-hearted companion; believe me, Caroline, they are as deserving of our good opinion and regard as the choicest of our country: it is but prejudice that for a moment deprives them of either, and I have been told, in their own hospitable island, they are truly amiable; and, in regard to abilities; mamma was telling me on Sunday last, that some of the greatest men in the English senate were Irishmen. When you have seen more of the world; and mix with the poor blunderers, I am certain, Caroline, you will think as well of them as I do; nay, I am assured there is more of Charles's prejudice in this case than yours—is it not so?

Not much, I must own, returned Miss Bentley; for I have always entertained the poorest opinion of them, though from what particular cause I am at a loss to name, but I believe it has originated in the general (you

would say vulgar) prejudice that exists in England, and which, neglected as I have been, was but too readily imbibed, and having no one to check my want of liberality; but really, she added, Patrick did, or I fancied he did, make many mistakes, to give them no harsher name.

We are all liable to do so, answered Julia, at some time or other, and he might not be remarkable for them; but, owing to the general idea of his nation, you were more observant of his mistakes, and, perhaps, by anticipating them, confused the lad by your evident expectation, and led him into the very blunder he was endeavouring to avoid.

Probably that might be the case, said Caroline; if so, how ill-natured (not to say cruel) I must have appeared to him; and yet, I am sure I did not wish to wound his feelings;—how your mamma would despise me for such conduct.

Despise you! interrupted Julia; that would be equally illiberal: no, on the contrary, she would admire your candid acknowledgment of such prejudice, and regret that greater care had not been exerted to prevent your ever having entertained it for a moment; but do not say more of this at present, whatever your share of the blame may have been, a repetition of it can never occur again; go on with your story, therefore, and tell me what part of it affects your brother's anger this morning?

Why, when Patrick had been with us three weeks, Charles and he had a most serious quarrel, and my brother threatened to turn him away; but he was spared the trouble, for the next morning, when we came down to breakfast, the lad was gone; none of the servants knew any thing about his intention of leaving, as it was all his own doings; but, when they found he was really off, they began to examine their trunks, boxes, &c. every one fearful of having been robbed by the Irish boy. I was angry with Charles for giving them the hint; for he had never given them reason to suppose him dishonest when in the house, and I well know his quitting it was entirely owing to his young master. Notwithstanding all their fears and alarms, they could not attach the smallest blame to poor Patrick, and could only accuse him of ingratitude; for my own part, I have little doubt but he had sufficient provocation for thus acting—the more so, as Charles never said much on the subject. From that time to this morning we never heard more of him. To-day, however, my brother rose very early, eager to tell you his success with papa, and, as I was not ready so soon, he walked round the Crescent until I should join him; there, it seems, he met Patrick; some words ensued, which ended in a battle; the lad gave Charles a severe blow on the left temple, and, he says, struck him first. I judge, however, he must have been much provoked ere he did

so ; but what makes me think he was really to blame is, that he ran off directly Charles was on the ground, (for the blow caused him to fall,) and, before Charles recovered himself, Patrick was out of sight. I was quite alarmed when my brother returned to the house, for his face made a dreadful appearance ; but, after bathing it in some milk and water, I found there was nothing serious the matter, not but he will retain the mark on his temple for a length of time to come : he says it is not worth mentioning to papa, but I confess I think it is proper he should know it. He is not up yet ; when he rises, I shall certainly tell him.

Julia could only express her sorrow that Charles Bentley had been hurt ; her own opinion of him (formed from witnessing his daily conduct) made it more than probable he was the aggressor ; yet she felt reluctant to intimate as much to his sister, and in consequence said but little on the subject.

Her real sentiments would have been easily discovered by the watchful Caroline, had not the delinquent himself now made his appearance, with a countenance expressive of his irritated feelings ; at the same time he wished to make light of the affair ; and, when Miss Manchester seemed surprised at the severity of the bruise, he answered, laughingly, Ah ! it is a mere trifle, and looks far worse than it really is ; the blow I can forgive the villain, but his ingratitude vexes me, I confess. I assure you.

he added, when I took him first he was absolutely starving—nay, he owned to me that he had not tasted bread for two days; yet, you see, he no sooner got a good habitation over his head, than all obligation was forgotten, and he left us at a minute's warning.

Without even that, said Caroline; for you know, Charles, we knew nothing of his going until he was really off.

You mistake, replied her brother; I had some knowledge of his intention, for the fellow wrote a few lines, and slipped them under my room-door the night before he went away, and which, if it was possible, increased his impudence. I did not name this to you at the time, because I thought it would vex you, for he did not let you escape his abuse.

Indeed! said Caroline, colouring; tell me what he said of me.

Not now, replied Charles, glancing at Julia and Frances; but I have the scrawl in my pocket-book, and will shew it to you when we go home.

If Miss Manchester is your objection to shewing it at present, answered his sister, I entreat you not to consider her as such any longer—for, believe me, I would not wish to conceal the smallest matter from her; therefore give me the letter at once, and, however painful I may feel its contents, I dare to say my memory will furnish me with sufficient cause for the provocation.

Well, said Charles, you shall have it ; and I will lay a guinea your friend Julia will be of my opinion,—that it is the most insolent piece of penmanship that ever was penned. He then drew the important letter from his pocket, and read the following lines, not forgetting to give those tones he imagined most likely to add to the impertinence of the subject.

“ Sir,

“ You may think yourself a great person, because you are rich, grand, and all that nonsense, but I think very little of all your greatness, notwithstanding you are always telling me so much about it. ’Tis true, I was taken from a great deal of distress when I came into your family ; but, as you did not know how to treat me, why I think there is no obligation, and am not afraid to tell you so : you know best how I first met you, but I scorn to speak of my own actions ; it is enough, that I can’t bear such treatment any longer, and I scorn to eat the bread when I despise the giver, therefore be not surprised if you never see me more. I want no wages ; I can work, as I have done before : every body won’t despise me because I am a Paddy : nor has your sister, Miss Caroline, made herself a bit wiser for laughing at my brogue. If ever she goes to my country she need not fear to be made game of ; she will be a stranger, and that is always

enough for us. I shall leave my livery in the hall: so no more at present, from

“PATRICK M'GOWAN.”

What think ye of that? said Charles, as he folded up the letter.

Think! answered Caroline, Oh! Charles, if you had thought as I do now, you would never have spoken of this letter; it is an everlasting disgrace to us both. Is it possible that pride or vanity can so far have blinded you to your own failings, that you are insensible to the cruelty of your conduct to this boy, and his noble spirit? Julia! she continued, how great must your regard for me be, that, after such shameful truths, you can bear to look at me; but, where is poor Patrick, I would give worlds to speak a few words to him.

To thank him for striking your brother! said Charles, indignantly.

No, answered she, for something of more importance.

You are improved of late, interrupted he hastily, and regard for your brother keeps pace with your improvement. You will excuse him, however, if he does not choose to stay to meet your insults or your friends. Saying which, he turned on his heels and walked leisurely away.

Caroline's heart was too full to use any effort for his recall. Never had she felt so little re-

gard for him as at this moment, while the silence of Julia plainly evinced how contemptible he was in her eyes.

They were slowly pacing the field, without uttering a word, when Barbara called to Julia to stop, the man servant having followed them in haste, to acquaint the young ladies their uncle from London had just arrived.

Joy almost overcame the two amiable girls, as they hurried back to Gay-street, using their united entreaties to persuade Caroline to go with them; but she resisted all their importunities, and quitted them, as they entered Marlborough-buildings; she promised, however, to see Mrs. Manchester in the course of the day, and with a heavy heart proceeded to the Crescent, her eyes often turning involuntarily to the path taken by the happy sisters, who, with light and eager steps, receded from her view. Ah! Julia, sighed the dejected girl, how different are your sensations from mine; no self-reproach checks your gaiety; conscious of not acting wrong, you have no feeling but of pleasure, in the meeting now before you, while I am tenacious of meeting even the partner of my guilt; may this be the last mortification I experience of the same kind.

When we inform our young readers, that the uncle in question was the same Julia extolled to her friend, (but whose situation in life and circumstances were far inferior to



Lord Thornbury's,) they will not be surprised that the meeting gave inexpressible gratification to both parties. Mr. Mason, indeed, was not a little proud of his nieces, particularly Julia, whose good sense and acquirements were his constant theme.

Never, perhaps, did a more cheerful deserving circle assemble round a breakfast-table, than that which now graced Mrs. Manchester's; yet, ere it concluded, their spirits were somewhat depressed, by learning the stay of Mr. Mason would not exceed twenty-four hours. Business occasioned the present visit; he was on his way to Ireland, and could not resist the temptation of spending a few hours with his valued relation.

The usual studies of the morning were for this day laid aside; and, soon after breakfast, the happy group escorted their uncle in a tour through the principal streets of Bath, Frances never failing to point out what she thought worthy of attention. Mrs. Manchester joined them in a second excursion, during which they visited the pump-room; here they met Sir John Bentley, his son, and daughter. Mr. Mason was introduced to them by his sister, and, ere they parted, Sir John extorted a promise from them they should all dine with him in the Crescent. Caroline appeared grave and silent, and Julia concluded she had not acquainted her father with the past.

At the appointed time, Mrs. Manchester's

family proceeded to the Crescent, where they were received with much politeness and friendship. Charles was present, and seemed to exert himself to appear agreeable; his sister took an opportunity of telling Julia that her father was still ignorant of the late fracas, Charles having declared he would not enter the dining-room if she named it; but, she added, I shall not be so accommodating to-morrow.

Sir John, who truly appreciated the worth of his guests, forbore, on this occasion, any display of pomp or grandeur. The dinner was plentiful, yet elegant; he was convinced such a familiar reception would more highly gratify Mrs. Manchester, than unnecessary show and evident preparation.

Charles was the only one disappointed by his father's good sense; he had hoped to surprise the plain-living Manchesters, and have shewn style equal to Lord Thornbury's: he felt at a loss to account for a simplicity of fare he had seldom or ever witnessed at his own table, and could scarcely forbear expressing the same.

Caroline, on the contrary, felt assured the entertainment was consonant to her friends' ideas of comfort and propriety; while she secretly enjoyed the disappointment of her brother, who, by significant looks, expressed his astonishment whenever their eyes met.

When the desert was placed on table, the

company were agréably surprised by the entrance of Denny, whom Caroline had privately sent for. His fond patroness returned her thanks for the kind attention, while the delighted prattler tried all his little arts to please them; even Charles seemed glad to see him, and, with great condescension, picked the choicest fruit for his young friend.

The appearance of the child led again to the mystery of his birth, (for Mrs. Manchester had already told her brother every particular,) and all agreed he was the offspring or relative to the deceased Irishman.

Perhaps, said Caroline, if Mr. Mason is going to Ireland, he may hear something of his friends, if he has any in that country: he knows the whole story, and may mention it wherever he goes.

An excellent thought, my dear, returned Mrs. Manchester; and I will give my brother a written description of the dress he wore, as likewise the articles found in the man's pocket. Julia, I believe, can describe the clothes most accurately, for she has often examined them minutely, in the hope of discovering some trifle that would lead to a development of his fate, but as yet she has proved unsuccessful.

I should like to see the things, observed Mr. Mason, it will give me a more correct idea of them. You must shew them to me, Julia.

Oh! send for them now, cried Caroline. I should like to see them of all things, and

then, you know, your uncle can examine them here.

Sir John and Charles expressing the same curiosity, a footman was dispatched with the key of the drawer in which the garments were carefully deposited, with orders for Barbara to send the parcel tied up in a shawl.

In the absence of the servant, a conversation ensued, in which Ireland and its inhabitants were the leading subjects. Sir John spoke much in their favour, and observed, that some of his most valuable friends in India were of that country. I have heard it said, continued he, that they are ungrateful; but must own I have always met the contrary, except in one instance, which occurred lately. My son took a fancy to an Irish lad, who was in the greatest distress, and became so urgent for me to take him into the house, that I allowed him to do so; but I am sorry to add, that,———

Oh! say no more, dear sir, interrupted his daughter, leaning over her brother's shoulder, and seizing her father's arm; believe me, Patrick is most deserving your good opinion; think not it was he who behaved ungratefully: I could tell you such a story—but no matter for the present, let the subject rest; only suspend your opinion of Patrick until to-morrow, though you will, perhaps, wish never to have been undeceived.

How is this? said Sir John; it was but this

morning Charles told me he had reasons to suspect his honesty.

This morning! exclaimed the indignant Caroline, fixing her eyes on her guilty brother, who, overwhelmed with shame and confusion, was incapable of saying a word in his own defence.

I perceive, my dear, returned her father, that you are right in wishing to forego the subject at present, but I *must* have some further explanation at a future period.

You shall, sir, said Caroline, endeavouring to stifle her feelings.

To Mr. Mason the above appeared an enigma; but Mrs. Manchester and Julia, who were better acquainted with the character and disposition of Charles, saw into the case immediately; and, in order to divert the attention of all parties, the major part of which were lost in unpleasant reflection, Mrs. Manchester began some inquiry of a plant in India, the nature of which she judged Sir John must be informed of, from his long residence there.

His information, however, was soon interrupted by the return of James with Denny's clothes, which seemed to rouse the feelings of all; and a minute investigation took place, while the quality of the different articles confirmed their former opinion of his being the son of a person in an inferior station of life.

I see little here, said Mr. Mason, to promote a discovery; the garments are such as we meet with on every poor child, and the shawl is equally common. The variety of its colours, indeed, may have made some impression on its owner, for I think I never saw a more showy one.

Yes, replied his sister, smiling; poor Denry's friends were not over plain in their choice, if we may take this as an instance. As she said which, she spread it on the table.

It was yet before her, when a sudden noise and words of dispute reached the ears of the astonished party, who expected every moment to see a dozen people burst into the parlour. Sir John rang the bell with violence, to learn the cause; it was repeated, however, before any answer was obtained; when, at length, two of the servants appeared.

They were beginning an incoherent account of a rude, insolent fellow, insisting on seeing their master, though he had company; when one of them was pushed aside, and the discarded Patrick appeared, his face glowing with anger.

Softly, my good fellow, said Sir John; do not push the man down.

I don't mean to do so, sir, replied the lad, (throwing his hat under his foot, the moment he perceived the company,) yet this same man has threatened to knock me down, because I

insisted on seeing young master, for it is not your honour I asked to see.

And what, Patrick, may you want to say to my son? I should judge, from your *countenance*, your business is not of a very *pleasant* nature.

Not at all, your honour, returned Patrick, (with a brogue that would once have excited the risible faculties of Caroline,) its a very shabby business on one side, but I am proud to say that it is not Pat's.

A brave boy! exclaimed Mr. Mason.

Pray, sir, continued Patrick, turning to the sinking Charles, who was biting his fingers in agony; how dare you to miscall my character to all your acquaintance, and tax me with taking what was never my own? You have hindered me a good place by your falsehood; and so I must insist on your going with me, and contradicting all such vileness. I thought, he added, contemptuously, I gave you a sufficient drubbing this morning to prevent any more of your offences, but I'faith, you're unconscionable, and don't know when to stop.

You are very impertinent, said Charles, faintly.

Indeed and I'm not, answered the lad; I appeal to this noble company, where is the boldness in clearing one's own fame, when that's all one has to depend on.

The noble company, as Patrick termed

them, had hitherto looked on in astonishment; Sir John, however, at this could not command his feelings, and motioning his hand for the accuser to come forward, he ordered the gaping servants to retire.

Patrick, said he, it is evident, too evident, that you have been unfairly used, and I am sorry to see my son has been the principal instrument, for his looks betray the truth; but think you, my lad, it would not have been more honorable, and respectful to me, if you had come quietly to the house, and reproached your late master, or informed me of your injuries. This riotous conduct will not make you friends; or save me pain, in the exposure of my son's feelings.

Why, your honour, returned he, his eyes fixed on his enemy; master Charles has no pity, and I did not think till now he had any shame; therefore, I'd have gained little by telling him alone; and, as to coming quietly to your honour, its not at all to be done, the servants in this house don't suffer any body to see their master but such as they like. I did come peaceably to master Charles, this morning, thinking to arguefy the matter coolly, but he would not see me, and sent one of the footmen to tell me I should be sent to prison if I became troublesome. This speech might do very well for him, but it did not suit me. I was hungry and distressed, and wanted to get employment; his character of me to Mr



*Miss Jorg Miss Green*  
78

Snow's butler this morning had done my business there just as I was going to get a home, for every body, and please your honour, does not scoff the Irish; no, no, that would be too bad.

It would, indeed, returned Sir John, shaking his head at his mortified son; but take heart, my lad; you shall be redressed, and every thing set to rights, have but a little patience.

If I may be bold to speak the truth, said Patrick, its myself, that has had patience, for many's a bad word he has given me without a word on my part, for I never told any living soul how he used me, because I thought it might offend Miss Caroline; and, though she did laugh at my blunders now and then, yet she never scolded me, and was angry with young master for being so surly.

Caroline's heart reproached her for the ill return she had made the generous Patrick, while her gratitude for his delicacy demanded her warmest thanks;—with glowing cheeks, she replied, "Indeed, Patrick, I am much indebted to you, for I am but too well convinced I do not deserve such consideration, and can only say, I am truly sorry for any unkindness on my part."

And sure that's enough, returned he, I can't wish for more in conscience; when such a lady as you can be sorry for offending the

poor, its hard if they an't satisfied. I doubt if master Charles would say as much.

No matter for him, said Sir John, hastily; I trust we can do without his good or bad word. Caroline, he added, you acknowledge you are indebted to Patrick; you must take him as your own footman, and, during your visit to Wales, you will have sufficient opportunity to evince a repentance of the past: it is fit, indeed, you should give him the protection your ill-conducted brother has deprived him of; but, perhaps, he will not accept of a situation in a family where he has been so unkindly treated.

Yes, yes, he will, cried Caroline, advancing to Patrick, and extending her hand in token of agreement.

You may say that, returned he; for I would not deserve the breath I draw, if I could say no. Indeed, and I will be your servant, and serve you by night and day; as he said which, his colour rose, and the tears filled his eyes.

Be it so, said Sir John, whose feelings were nearly as much awakened as the grateful Irish boy; but, probably, a residence in this house will not meet your wishes at present; I will, therefore, board you somewhere until my daughter leaves Bath with this lady; you will then go with them, and I flatter myself you may never repent the agreement.

Patrick could only say, its very well your honour.

You are a noble fellow, said Mr. Mason, when the business was concluded; how old are you?

Sixteen, sir, answered Patrick, next Michaelmas, if we folks in Ireland know how to reckon. The smile that accompanied the latter words, caused a general one in the company, who were not less interested in the scene than the Bentleys themselves, although not so painfully.

Julia, indeed, had partaken, in a degree, the shame and self-reproach of her friend, Caroline; whose behaviour at last raised her still higher in the opinion of her already partial advocate.

My dear girl, said Mrs. Manchester, taking the hand of Miss Bentley, how praiseworthy is your conduct. I am at a loss for words to express my approbation of it. Ah! Sir John, what a treasure you have in your sweet Caroline.

I have, madam, answered the delighted father; but it is you who discovered its true value, and made me thus rich. Much need have I for one comfort; as he said which, his eyes rested on the fallen countenance of his son, who, unable to bear the contempt his conduct must excite, rushed out of the room to hide his confusion.

This will be of infinite service to your son, my dear sir, said Mr. Mason.

No doubt it will, rejoined Mrs. Manchester. Think no more of the past, Sir John, all will yet be well. Patrick is satisfied, and surely we may be so.

But I am a father, madam.

And I will therefore feel the greater pleasure in witnessing the improvement I know will shortly take place. In the mean time Patrick may go home with us, we shall find room enough, and my Jasper will, I know, give him every instruction in his power; so that ere we leave Bath he will be a finished attendant for his young mistress.

You are all goodness, madam, answered Sir John. What say you, lad,—will you go home with this lady?

Patrick, however, made no answer. His attention was fixed on an object that entirely engrossed all his feelings. This was no other than the open shawl, on which Mrs. Manchester had been leaning her arms during the foregoing conversation. Where, oh! where did you get that? cried he, darting forward.

What, this shawl? said Mrs. Manchester, astonished, (while every individual seemed electrified,) do you know it, Patrick; did you ever see it before?

Did I not, you mean, replied he, eagerly catching hold of a corner next to him; it was

my mother's, she tied it round little Arthur the day father and he left Ennis.

Who is Arthur, and where is your father now? exclaimed the agitated benefactress of Denny.

I wish I could tell that, returned Patrick, sighing; (the latter part of her question seeming to have done away the former:) but I fear my poor father is in his grave long since, for it is two years going on that he left home, and not the least word of him in all the time has been heard.

Oh! mamma, said Julia, it must be Denny's friend;—joy almost preventing her speaking.

Denny! cried Patrick; that was my father's name. Oh! lady, if you know any thing of him, tell me now, this moment; if but to name the spot where he is buried—sure you may tell me that.

I wish I could tell you any thing that would give you pleasure, answered Mrs. Manchester, in a tone of kindness; but am afraid, if my conjectures are right, your poor father is, indeed, in his grave. Tell me, is it twelve months last Christmas since he left Ireland?

Twelve months the 15th of December last, returned Patrick, mournfully.

The very time, said Mrs. Manchester, turning to Sir John. Think you, Patrick, you should know little Arthur, as you call him?

Perhaps not, madam, for he was but sixteen months old, and, if alive, must be much altered; yet I think I would remember his pretty round eyes and cherry cheeks. Sure that is not he, pointing to Denny, who, seated on Caroline's knee, was playing with a fruit-basket. As he said this, he darted forward to satisfy his suspicion.

Stop one minute, Patrick, cried Mrs. Manchester, (drawing back the astonished Denny,) Say, had the child any mark or scar about him?

Yes, yes, a large one on his left hand, which I gave him, by letting a pot of potatoes fall on him, and the steam left a terrible mark.

Then *this* is Arthur, said Mrs. Manchester, presenting him to the delighted Patrick, who, catching him up in his arms, burst into tears.

Every individual sympathised with the poor lad; and scarcely were they less affected by the chain of circumstances that had led to so singular a discovery.

No pains were spared by the humane Mrs. Manchester to soften the particulars of his father's fate, which she related in the most considerate manner.

The certainty of the melancholy event caused a burst of grief from the affectionate Patrick, who was some time ere he recovered from the first shock; at length, after being persuaded to take a glass of wine, and having shed a

flood of tears, he was sufficiently himself to relate the following tale:—

That little Arthur's mother was an orphan, born and bred in the sister kingdom; that she resided with some friends at Ennis, in the county of Clare, having no near relatives. That (nearly four years back from this period) she had married an English officer, then on his way to Cork to join his regiment going to India. Shortly after the marriage he proceeded on his voyage; but that, ere they reached Madeira, the ship was lost, and Captain Edmonds, with many others, perished. The news reached Ireland just as his wife was recovered from a dangerous fit of sickness; the effect occasioned a relapse, which brought on a consumption, and, three months after his birth, Arthur was deprived of his only parent.

Patrick's mother had been her own nurse, and to her care she bequeathed the helpless infant.

The small fortune of his mother was deposited in the hands of a respectable lawyer, who allowed the protector of Arthur a trifle for the care of him, while he undertook to seek the relations of Captain Edmonds in England; but, after minute inquiry, he could only learn that the deceased had but one brother, many years a resident in the East-Indies. To this brother he wrote, according to the information he had received of him, communicating every parti-

cular of the child's situation. No information had been received in return, and Arthur remained unclaimed with his fond nurse. At the eventful Christmas, however, the well-meaning M'Gowan (Patrick's father) being at Cork, heard from a friend that he had read the name of Edwards in a list of passengers from India by one of the last ships. The man was prepossessed that a trifling mistake was made in spelling the name, and, in reality, it must be Arthur's uncle.

Poor M'Gowan caught the infatuation, and, by the time he returned to his family, was fully assured, in his own mind, that his little darling's rich relation was in England. His wife, however, was not so easily convinced; but at length began to feel the same hope, though she strenuously opposed her good husband's intentions of going immediately to London; and when, at the end of the week, she found him determined to persevere in his wild scheme, she prevailed on him to go by the way of Dublin, to make known his plan to the lawyer in whose possession Arthur's property was. To this he agreed; and, having secured the principal part of the two last years' earnings in an old pocket-book, he took an affectionate leave of his wife and son, and, big with expectation of the future, commenced his journey with the young orphan.

When arrived at Dublin, he was informed



M' Connor had been in England some weeks. This was a great disappointment to the traveller, who had reckoned on pecuniary assistance from him, but this did not prevent his proceeding to Bristol.

We shall now continue our tale in Patrick's own words.

Father wrote us word of the crossness of his fate, in finding M' Connor away from Dublin, and said he should sail after him the next day; whether he did or not God knows; we never heard of him afterwards; but, from what that lady says, I should think he left Ireland directly, or he could not have been at Bristol at the time mentioned.

Poor mother and I did fret to be sure mightily. I thought she would never get over it. There was no comfort for us all that winter; and, to make bad worse, I lost my best friend in Father O'Carrol, who died in March. It was he that taught me to read and write, as he had done many a poor lad. He employed me too about his little garden; so that I was now at a terrible loss; however, I managed one way or other to help mother until harvest-time, when I persuaded her to let me come over with some of my countrymen, who came every autumn to Somersetshire and Gloucestershire. I thought, perhaps, I might hear something concerning poor father and master Edmonds; so, with a great deal of sorrow and

crying, I gained mother's consent, and in July, just one year since, I came over from Cork to Bristol.

But, my good lad, interrupted Mr. Mason, did you never inform M<sup>c</sup>Connor of what happened?

Yes, Sir; we wrote him word of poor father's going away from us, but he never took any notice of it, which is an odd thing, for he sent the first half year's payment for little Arthur, and the person who brought it promised to send another letter. I took great pains in writing. Mother sometimes thought this man never gave it him.

I should think it was the case, replied Mrs. Mason; but go on with your story, Patrick.

I will not trouble this good company, resumed he, with all the difficulties I went through when I got to this country. Some of my wages I sent back to mother by my companions, and most part of the rest went in expenses for putting notices in the public papers. I could not find in my heart to go back without any good news, so waited, waited till all my money was gone, and then I could not go. I worked for a farmer at Wells from November until January, then he sent me off, as he did not want so many labourers.

I always felt as though Bristol was the place most likely to hear of my father, so once more I returned there, but it signified nothing; and, finding there was no prospect of getting em-

*J**Sybil*

ploy in that city, I fixed on a journey here, for I had heard say there was always a number of Irish at Bath in the winter, and I began to hope I might get home by that means. Here then I came, and the very first day, as I was wandering by the river side, I saw a young gentleman fishing; he stood on the edge of some loose stones, which tottered every time he moved. I made bold to tell him of his danger, but he bid me mind my own business, and called me Paddy from Cork, and a great deal more of such nonsense. I found my passion rising, but before I could say a word the stones gave way, and in he fell over head and ears. This soon cooled my anger, and I first threw off my jacket, and jumped in, (lucky for him I could swim,) and, as he was not very heavy, why I contrived to get him out. He was properly ducked, but soon recovered himself. I led him to a small house just by the Brass Mills, where the people kindly dried his clothes, and gave him some warm brandy. He said a great many things about being sorry for the names he called me; and, when he heard I had no friends in England, he said I should go and live with him. This I thought was high luck, and longed for the next day to know more; however, it was near a week before Sir John gave his consent, and then I came home to this house. I need not say what made my stay so short. When I found it was impossible to bear such usage any longer, I wrote a few lines to

Master Charles, slipped them under his bedroom door, left my livery in the hall, and quitted the house by day-light, on the 10th of March last.

I had but half-a-crown in my pocket, and no friends in the place; however, a fellow-servant recommended me to an old lady who was going to London. She took me at once, and we set out for that place; but she was taken ill on the road, and we staid two months at Newbury, where at last she died, so I had again to seek, and was more at a loss than ever. At length I scraped acquaintance with a Bath coachman, and he brought me back for a trifle. It is now six weeks since I returned here, and often have I tried to get into service, but the want of a character was always a hinderance. At last Mr. Snow, of Marlborough-buildings, hearing I had lived with Sir John Bentley, said he would take me. Every thing was agreed on, and I was to have gone home to his house to-day. I had been there this morning early for my answer, and the butler told me all was right. As I returned through the Crescent I met Master Charles, who directly began to call me to account for leaving him so strangely. I did not choose to say much, and told him so. His pride, I suppose, was hurt at my coolness, and then he attacked my country, and at last called me a rebel, who was obliged to fly from Ireland. Now, your honour, I could not bear this, and therefore told

him plainly, if he did not be quiet I would give him a sound drubbing, and make him so. It was himself that was in a passion; then, in a moment, he struck me in the face with his cane. Now you see my countrymen can bear a great many words from their betters, but not a blow from a king; so I e'en made my threats good, and I believe he will not forget it in a hurry.

I commend your spirit, said Sir John, and only regret a son of mine should deserve such treatment. Here, Patrick, let the matter rest; that you have been shamefully used is evident to all of us, and that hereafter you shall experience the contrary, will, I hope, be evident to the world in general.

I am not given to bear malice, returned the lad, and shan't find it a hard matter to forget and forgive; nor should I have gone this length, but that, after your son parted with me, he told Mr. Snow's butler I was a thief; so when I went this afternoon I was told to go about my business. Amazed as I was, I would not leave the door until I learned who had belied me, and did not make many steps from that to this. But, thank God, it will all turn out for the best.

I trust it will, answered Mrs. Manchester; at any rate you and your good mother shall be taken care of; and, until some inquiry is made for your little Arthur's friends, you shall remain with him. It is surely, she continued; a

singular instance of the mercy of Providence, that has thus, by a variety of occurrences, led to the most gratifying conclusion ; for now I think there is really a probability of a complete discovery.

It appears so, indeed, replied her brother ; and perhaps, among Sir John's friends, he may learn something of this Mr. Edmonds.

The name does not seem familiar to me, said Sir John ; but, as you observe, some of my friends may not be so ignorant of it ; no time shall be lost in making the inquiry.

It may naturally be supposed such a grand discovery and agreeable termination of a distressing scene did not fail to operate upon the feelings of the junior branches of the party, who could scarcely find words to express their delight.

When the height of their surprise and joy was subsided, and poor Patrick dismissed to Gay-street, Caroline, following the natural goodness of her heart, flew to the apartment of her brother to communicate all the past.

Charles heard her in silence ; yet, when she concluded, could not forbear expressing a faint degree of pleasure on Arthur's account, though he warned her of Patrick's duplicity. Her efforts to bring him again to the parlour were, however, useless, and she was obliged to give up the point, and return alone.

The remainder of the evening was spent in conjectures of what was to come, and surpr

at what had happened. Mr. Mason regretted he could not remain with them to witness the result, but Julia promised to write him a faithful relation of every thing; in short, they could talk on no other topic, and it was near midnight when they separated, all anxious for the future, Denny only regardless.

The next day Mrs. Manchester sent Jasper with Patrick to Mrs. Dobson, that she might direct him where to see the articles found in his father's pocket; all of which, when he saw, he immediately recognised. The good landlady was, to use her own words, quite beside herself with joy. The best her poor house afforded was set before the Irish lad; and she vowed, ere he departed, that she should love all his countrymen for her dear child's sake.

Sir John, in the mean time, began his inquiries, and learned from a gentleman, lately arrived from the east, that an elderly person, of the name of Edmonds, came home a passenger in the same ship, and, he believed, was then at Cheltenham. A messenger was immediately dispatched to ascertain the certainty of this conjecture, who, on his return, confirmed it. He added, that Colonel Edmonds was reported to be very rich, but in a most infirm state of health, having been exposed for many years to all the inconveniences attending those who reside in the interior of India.

A letter from Mrs. Manchester to the gentleman (precisely explaining the most trivial

circumstances,) was then forwarded: the result of which our Bath friends waited for in the most anxious suspense.

Three days elapsed, and no answer, which created a fear that they had been misled in their supposition of Colonel Edmonds being the person they supposed; but all doubts and fears vanished, when, on the morning of the fourth day, the colonel, in a coach and four, stopped at Mrs. Manchester's door, to the no small delight of Patrick, who forgot all his griefs in the present happiness.

In the interview that succeeded, a full explanation was obtained. Colonel Edmonds acknowledged the orphan Denny as his nephew and only relation. For his seeming neglect he accounted, by informing Mrs. Manchester, that, at the time of his brother's marriage, he was up the country, and entirely cut off from European intelligence; that, on his return to England, about six weeks previous to this discovery, he learned, for the first time, of the captain being dead, and that he married in Ireland. Chance directed him to the same hotel with M'Conner, the Irish lawyer, who, hearing his name, introduced himself, and satisfied the colonel as to the truth of the information already received; at the same time he named the death of Mrs. Edmonds, who had left a son, and whose small patrimony he held in his own hands. He concluded by explaining Mrs. Edmonds' reasons for leaving Arthur in the



care of her good nurse. Of the child's present state of health he could say little: for, though he had punctually remitted the stipend allowed Mrs. M'Gowan, she had returned no answer for the last twelve months, except a verbal message of thanks, by one of his clerks, who usually paid her. He felt assured, however, the boy was well, knowing the good-hearted woman would not conceal any sickness or disaster that might befall him.

On the colonel being certified as to the identity of his brother leaving a child, M'Conner wrote a letter direct to his nurse, whose answer opened the eyes of the good lawyer to the villainy of his clerk, who, for the last year, had secreted the money remitted by his master for Mrs. M'Gowan, and merely returned her thanks when he wrote to London, where M'Conner had resided since the Union. The chagrin such duplicity excited was forgotten in the more serious grievance of Arthur's disappearance for such a length of time. His first ideas were, that they had been shipwrecked; but, upon minute inquiry, he could not ascertain that any vessel had been lost, at that time, from any of the ports in Ireland. This, though it increased their doubts, afforded a ray of hope; while the colonel entreated no expense might be spared in learning his nephew's fate.

Had Mrs. Dobson's pretended friend been a man of integrity, the advertisements, agreed to

have been put in the different newspapers, might have reached M' Connor long before Colonel Edmonds returned to England; while the description of the man's person, his being an Irishman, and the child calling himself Denny, would have awakened his suspicions; but, like the agent in Dublin, he could not resist temptation, and, after once or twice advertising, he pocketed the remainder of the cash.

After waiting near a month in London, and no prospect of a discovery appearing likely to take place, the colonel found himself obliged to leave the metropolis for purer air.

He had been nearly a fortnight at Cheltenham, when Mrs. Manchester's welcome letter revived his drooping hopes. The sudden joy, to one in his weak state, incapacitated him to travel for two days after; it was therefore the fourth ere he reached Bath.

We shall not trouble our young readers with the process of the steps necessary to be taken ere every thing was settled; but, as we trust they are somewhat interested in the future welfare of the different characters introduced in the foregoing pages, we shall proceed to the final settlement of affairs,—at which period, all parties in our little history were tolerably happy.

The stay of the three families at Bath was prolonged to nearly three weeks; during which time M' Connor had been sent for, whose

meeting with the orphan and the faithful Patrick entirely did away any lurking suspicions of the colonel.

By a man of Colonel Edmonds' liberality and large fortune, the humble but sincere friends of his deserted nephew were not to be scantily rewarded.

Mrs. Dobson and son were placed in a capital and established inn, with every prospect of ease and independence; enjoying ten-fold pleasure in the gratifying reflection of having done their duty as Christians, and which had procured their present comfort.

A sufficient annuity was settled on Patrick's mother, to make future labour unnecessary; while her son, attached to his new friends, fulfilled his agreement with Miss Bently,—at the end of which time he was received into Colonel Edmonds' family, as a confidential servant.

Wealth enabled the generous donor to bestow those gifts with alacrity; but the more difficult task was to make a proper return to those friends whose situation in society prevented a pecuniary one. An elegant service of plate was the only means that presented itself as an acknowledgment of Mrs. Manchester's kindness, and which he considered far inferior to her merits; but the heart of this amiable woman was sufficiently rewarded in daily observing the effects of her own goodness, and little Arthur's happiness.

The colonel purchased an estate within a

few miles of his nephew's benefactress, which permitted of an intercourse equally desirable to each party.

Sir John determined on a visit to Wales every summer, to enjoy the society of friends so truly valued ; and, after witnessing the intellectual and outward improvement of his beloved Caroline, he no longer withheld his consent for her constant residence with her friend Julia, spending three months every year in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Manchester's abode.

The temper and pride of the already mortified Charles met a still more severe check in associating with his fellow-students at Westminster, in many of whom the same self consequence produced frequent altercations. At length he found himself obliged to submit, in several instances, to procure the least degree of comfort ; while his superficial knowledge of every branch in polite education laid him under repeated obligations to those better informed than himself ; and, ere four months had elapsed, he was obliged to confess to his sister he was not happy.

The vacations afforded him little pleasure, for then he mixed with those friends who had witnessed his humiliating situation at Bath ; and the sight of Patrick called to mind the most painful reflections. The errors of early days had grown too strong to be easily eradicated ; while the false shame, generally attendant on

guilt, prevented that complete reform so essential to his future peace.

Not so, Caroline. Her ingenuous nature was ever ready to own the failing conscience accused her of; and the advice in consequence received was treasured up in her valuable mind, which, as it expanded, discovered all the seeds of virtue.

Julia, the amiable Julia, rose every day in the estimation of those capable of discernment; while the example of two such girls as herself and Caroline, produced the most salutary effects on the little Frances.

Having brought the principal characters of our history to the situation most consonant to their wishes, we shall take leave of our youthful readers in the words of Mrs. Manchester, addressed to Sir John Bentley, on the singularity of Patrick's ill usage being the cause of the discovery of Denny's friends.

"I have observed, through life, that the greatest events are produced by the most trifling circumstances, so guided by the discerning hand of Providence that we see not the clue till the whole is unravelled; then, if we do but trace back each simple occurrence to its source, that which has assumed the appearance of wonder, or, at least, romance, will be found a natural succession of circumstances—the smallest of which has not been deemed unworthy the notice of our Creator."

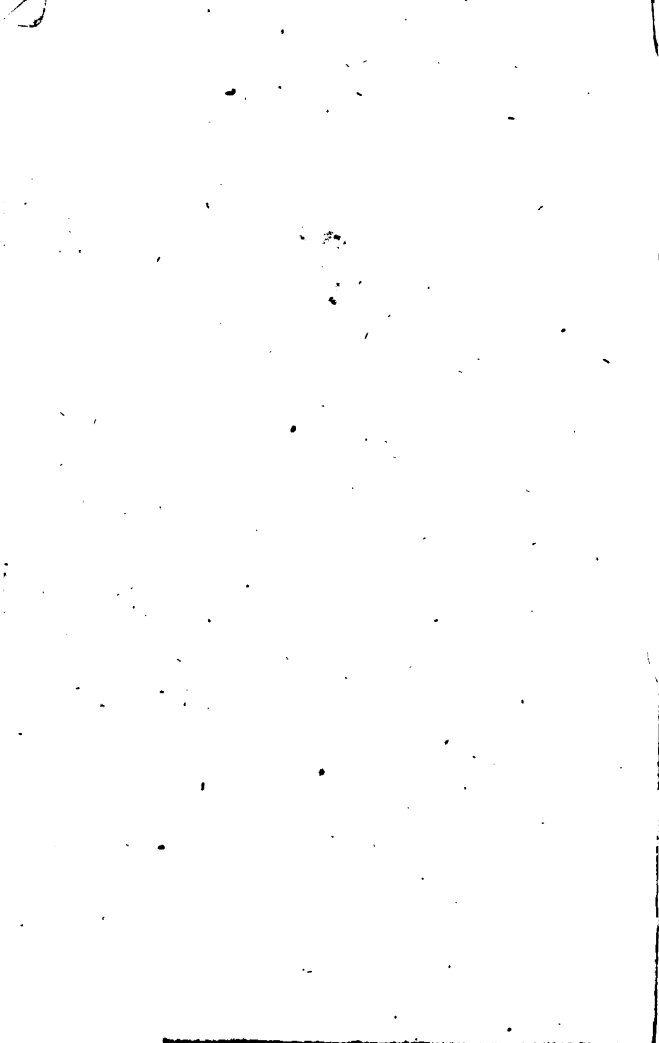
**THE**  
**ORPHAN GIRL;**

**OR,**

**SWEETS OF BENEVOLENCE:**

**BEING**

**A SEQUEL TO THE ORPHAN BOY.**



## THE ORPHAN GIRL.

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EMILY MASON was standing at the door of a shop, in Bond-street, with her purse in her hand, the contents of which she counted over several times, to ascertain if it were sufficient to purchase a large wax doll that had just been shewn her by the mistress of the shop, who, to enhance its value, asserted that there never was but two of the kind made, one of which was bought by the daughter of a duchess.

Now Emily, though rich, was but simple Miss Mason; and, possessing rather too great a share of pride, the idea of owning a doll like that of a right honourable young lady was not a little gratifying to her love of rank; yet she wished to buy some drawing-paper and a pencil, and the doll was too expensive to allow of her purchasing any other article, however trifling.

The aunt, who accompanied her, was too busily engaged in inspecting some work-boxes to notice her embarrassment; and, as she had of late pointed at a few extravagances in her niece, Emily felt tenacious of asking for more cash than she at present possessed.



While thus deliberating, her attention was roused by the soft accents of a young petitioner, who entreated she would buy a half-penny-worth of good matches.

Matches! repeated Emily, smiling; and what should I do with matches, think you?

I don't know, ma'am, answered the child, bending her tearful eyes to the ground, as if ashamed of the request she had made.

The word ma'am sounded remarkably well to the flattered ear of Emily, who instantly drew a sixpence from the gaping purse, and dropped the same into the hand of the young mendicant.

No thanks followed; but the receiver raised her full eyes to the face of the donor, with a look so expressive, that, had she called her benefactress a queen, it could not more fully have evinced her gratitude; then, dropping a hasty curtsy, she disappeared in a minute.

Her pallid cheek and mournful countenance left a painful impression on the child of wealth, who sighed as the piteous object receded from her view; but, in the next moment, the little beggar-girl was entirely banished from her mind by the following address of Mrs. Tunbridge, the shop-keeper.

Then you do not like this beautiful doll, Miss, I declare I much wonder at the different tastes of young folks; there was Lady Georgina quite charmed with the exact fellow to it.

O, you mistake, replied Emily, I admire

the doll very much, and think with her ladyship exactly; but—and she hesitated——

But what, my love? inquired her aunt, smiling; perhaps you think it too dear?

No, madam, not too dear, but I have not sufficient money to purchase it, especially now, for I have just given sixpence to a beggar.

And therefore deserve that I should make up the deficiency, said Mrs. Hastings. Come, my dear, she continued, produce your store of riches, and let me see how much more is necessary to complete your wish.

Emily emptied her purse most readily, and her aunt as readily laid down the four and sixpence wanting.

The doll was now her own, and Emily followed Mrs. Hastings to the carriage with a light heart, and the best spirits in the world: nor could she think or speak of any thing but her wax baby; continually calling upon her aunt to join in its praise.

When they reached Fulham (where Mrs. Hastings resided) an agreeable surprise awaited them, viz. the arrival of Mr. Mason from his country-seat, to spend a few days with his sister, at the end of which time he purposed returning with his daughter into Worcester-shire.

Emily was an only child, and lost her mother at too early an age to appreciate the value of a female parent; the care and unbounded affection of a grandmother in a great mea-

sure remedied this loss ; but, alas ! trifling attention had been bestowed on the defects of her temper ; nor was she conscious of possessing a single fault, until her aunt Hastings spent a summer with them.

The natural good sense of that lady at once discovered the errors of her niece, and their principal source. She longed to correct the first, and check the influence of the latter, for to mistaken indulgence alone she attributed her every fault.

With much persuasion she succeeded in gaining her brother's consent to spare Emily for six months ; during which time no pains were spared to eradicate unamiable parts of her character, and not without success.

Emily could now believe that riches were not sufficient to secure esteem and notice ; that mildness and condescension were more likely to attach our inferiors than hauteur and violence. She could likewise distinguish liberality from profuseness, generosity from ostentation, and the result of such knowledge was an evident improvement both in her mind and manners.

But Mrs. Hastings trembled for her charge, when she should again be left to the guidance of her own inclinations, and receive instruction from masters only, who, however attentive at stated periods, could not enforce the perseverance of their pupil in their absence.

Emily made many, very many, promises to

continue the same line of conduct in every respect: her aunt did justice to her intentions, but doubted the strictness of their performance. It was at length settled that Mrs. Hastings should join their party early in April; and, as February was now far advanced, she trusted no material change could occur in so short a space of time.

To Emily the plan was particularly delightful, for she loved her aunt sincerely; and, if now and then she missed the ready acquiescence of her father and grandmother, she felt the gain was equal to the loss.

The next morning, soon as the breakfast-tray was removed, Emily produced her new purchase.

Mr. Mason gratified her by approving it; but this was not enough, she had told him what it cost; that her aunt had kindly added four shillings and sixpence to make up the deficiency; and she fully expected this explanation would lead Mrs. Hastings to name her bounty to the match-girl. Such an anecdote, she was assured, would meet the approbation of her father, and doubted not but he would reward her by a fresh supply of pocket-money.

Then, thought she, I will buy the drawing-paper and pencil I wished to buy yesterday; a cradle for my doll; and, if I should again see the little beggar, why I think I will give her another sixpence.

Emily, however, was disappointed. Mrs. Hastings (although she approved the action) deemed it not necessary to speak of it before her niece; neither did she conceive a simple act of humanity required publicity. True charity is modest, and shrinks from praise, however well merited.

Mr. Mason then proposed a ride to town, to which his sister having consented, ordered the carriage immediately. During the ride several miserable objects passed, whose wretched appearance excited the pity of all the party; one was a match-woman. Surely, thought Emily, my aunt will now mention *my* charity.

Again she was disappointed, they reached town without a single word said on the subject.

On recollecting his daughter had expended all her cash, Mr. Mason presented her with a dollar; he would have doubled the sum had not his sister checked him by saying half would be perfectly sufficient. Her niece had not courage to contradict her, but she felt both mortified and disappointed.

Mr. Mason wished to call upon a friend in Arlington-street; for that purpose the carriage drew up to the end next Piccadilly, where the ladies waited his return. Emily amused herself watching the passengers and various equipages constantly in motion; her aunt was engaged with a book.

Only one halfpenny to buy a morsel of

bread, said a plaintive voice, which Emily instantly recognized as that of the match-girl. Emily turned her head, and beheld the little wanderer, who was kneeling before the railing of a gentleman's house, pressing her face between two bars, at once to attract the notice of the kitchen guests, and take a nearer view of certain delicacies in preparation for one meal. Her eye wandered from fowl to fish, from fish to game. • *These* are not for me, sighed the young petitioner; I will be very, very thankful for the smallest bit of stale bread, (she continued,) or a cold potato.

Avay vid you, avay, you be one vagabone (cried a tall raw-boned foreigner in a white night-cap), vat you vant here, to be one tief I guess.

Ah, that she does, said a pert lad in livery; get away, you idle baggage; go home to your mother and work.

The child answered in too low a tone for Emily to distinguish her words; but she distinctly heard the reply of the unfeeling servant.

Then go to your parish, or you may chance to visit Bridewell.

The match-girl arose quickly, snatched up her basket, and hurried down the street. Emily perceived her wipe her overflowing eyes with the corner of her old red cloak.

Poor little girl, exclaimed she inwardly, and

she hesitated whether she should not call her back, and give her the dollar; but then, how could she be charitable and furnish her own wants too; the drawing-paper and pencil she had set her heart upon, and, perhaps, some good-natured person might give the match-girl sixpence, as she had done the preceding day. Now, if her aunt had but allowed her to receive the two dollars from her papa, how easily she could have bought the articles desired, and relieved the match-girl into the bargain.

Thus reasoned Emily; meanwhile the object of her thoughts disappeared, and the dollar was all her own; but, so far from feeling satisfied, she felt both uneasy and ashamed,—nay, before Mr. Mason joined them, heartily wished she had given every penny of it away.

The drawing-paper and pencil, however, were purchased; to which her aunt added a box of colours—a present as unexpected as desirable, and Emily soon forgot her late vexation. Once, indeed, the cause occurred to her, upon Mrs. Hastings remarking the severity of the frost, and expressing her commiseration for those who were destitute of the comforts of life. Ah! thought Emily, my dollar would have purchased some of them for the poor match-girl.

The next day Emily was to entertain a juvenile party, by way of farewell ere she quitted

**Fulham.** Her aunt had provided every thing necessary for the occasion, yet Emily thought she could improve the scene, by decorating the drawing-room with laurel; and such shrubs as the season afforded.

With this view she entered the shrubbery before breakfast. A stubborn branch resisted her feeble efforts to separate it from the parent stem. She sought the gardener for assistance; he was not to be found; but a grey-headed old man, who sometimes helped to cut the shrubs, answered her call, and proceeded to obey her wishes with an alacrity that surprised Emily, when she viewed his hoary looks and bent figure.

Are you not almost too old to work? inquired she.

I hope not, Miss, replied he; for I have more than one mouth to feed by my labour.

How many children have you? said Emily.

None alive, Miss; but I have two grandchildren, both too young to work.

Emily then entered into farther conversation with him, and was astonished to learn his week's labour produced but twelve shillings, and that on such a trifling sum depended the subsistence of himself and grand-children.

And, when you are too weak for labour, who will take care of you? asked she.

Take care of me! repeated the old man, shaking his head. Why then, Miss, I suppose



I must go to the workhouse like other poor folks,

How shocking, thought Emily; yet I can spend five or six shillings in toys, without thinking of future wants. I wish I had not bought the wax-doll.

The honest labourer observed her thoughtfulness. You think my case a hard one, no doubt, Miss, said he; but, thank God, I am yet pretty stout, and ought not to repine, hundreds are worse off than I. It was but this very morning a poor child was found by the road-side, nearly perished with cold and hunger.

Indeed! exclaimed his young auditor; let me know where, my good friend?

Why, just on t'other side the turnpike, I saw the poor thing, as I came to my work. Mrs. Smith had taken her into her shop, and was rubbing her with flannel to warm her poor stiff limbs. I could not help shedding a tear; it is a pretty young thing, and brought to mind what might be the fate of my own, when I be dead and gone.

I hope a far better one, said Emily; but, pray do you think Mrs. Smith will be kind to her, and keep her for ever?

She will be kind enough, I dare to say, Miss; but, as to keeping, and so forth, I much doubt if she can; she is a poor woman herself, and has a power of children. It may happen the

child has friends of her own. I did'nt hear the grounds of the story, because of my hurry to come to madam's betimes.

Will you enquire about it as you go home, and let me know the particulars? I will reward you for your trouble.

The old man promised to do so, with many thanks; and Emily, having divided her last shilling with him, returned to the house.

Every thing was prepared for breakfast; and, as she looked at the various articles intended for the meal, and the cheerful fire blazing before her, the contrast of her's and the poor child's situation forcibly struck her mind, and again she wished the wax-doll in Mrs. Tunbridge's shop.

She was thus occupied, when a footman entered the parlour, carrying a large box, directed to Miss Mason.

Curiosity now became her only feeling; she requested the servant would open it with all possible dispatch; and, while he was so employed, formed a variety of conjectures as to its contents, and from whom it came.

The first thing that met her eye was a note, addressed to herself; and, as she naturally concluded the reading of it would explain the whole, she had the forbearance to do so, ere she proceeded to inspect what the box might contain.

Pleasure was added to surprise, when she

found the writer was her father, who, kindly considering she was about to separate from her young friends, presented her with several articles of taste and utility, to distribute, according to her own judgment, as tokens of remembrance.

Books, writing-desks, work-boxes, and thread-cases, composed the medley; and her active imagination quickly selected whom they would best suit.

One of the writing-desks far exceeded the rest both in size and quality; this she laid aside as a proper gift to her best loved companion.

Mary Wilmot was the favourite's name; she was not so pretty as Jane or Sophia Burton, or so rich as any other of Emily's playmates; but she was gentle, affectionate, and forbearing—three qualities ever the theme of Mrs Hastings's admiration; and, although Emily had sometimes been mortified by her aunt's pointed commendation of them, in Mary Wilmot, she was too generous not to perceive the superiority of her young friend, and too candid not to acknowledge it.

In the early part of their acquaintance they had spent a whole day together, during which Emily, with studied care, displayed all her toys and finery, to the great surprise of Mary, unused to either; some she admired, others she passed over. In vain Emily pointed out the beauty and value of the latter, they were

of no direct use, and therefore Mary thought them inferior to many less expensive ones.

Miss Mason's pride was wounded; she expected universal approbation from a novice like her friend, and could not help betraying her disappointment in rude comparison and hints of envy.

Far from resenting such conduct, Mary's gentleness never forsook her, though she did not meekly yield her opinion; and Emily, soon feeling the impropriety of her own behaviour, offered concessions that Mary's *proper pride* had never subjected her to make on any occasion.

Shortly after, (in shutting the room-door with unnecessary violence,) Emily jammed her fingers severely. The pain was acute, but the sufferer felt it more sensibly than the sympathising Mary, whose tears ran copiously as she stemmed the blood with her handkerchief; and, during the remainder of the visit, she assisted the weeping girl to every thing, however trifling.

From this day Mary became the chosen friend of Miss Mason, whose superior rank and wealth were no inducements to the return of friendship she experienced from the gentle girl. She loved Emily sincerely, and looked forward to the approaching separation with undisguised regret.

My young reader will, I trust, pardon this digression, and suffer the good qualities of the character introduced to plead my excuse.

Emily was still kneeling before the box of treasure, when her aunt and father entered the breakfast parlour. Thanks and caresses followed, and, so fully was her mind occupied with present feelings and future anticipations, that the sad tale she had so lately heard entirely escaped her memory.

She was communicating her intention of giving the handsomest desk to Miss Wilmot, when that young lady was announced. Emily ran to meet her with cordiality, and conducted her to the library. Mary brought with her a velvet work-bag, painted in various flowers by herself with much taste and ingenuity; it was a gift for her friend Emily, and presented to her in the most gracious manner. Emily's eyes sparkled as she received it; the bag was beautiful, and the donor very dear to her. She, in turn, presented the writing-desk, and was fully gratified by her friend's acceptance of it.

I wish it were all gold, said she, to shew you how much I value you.

Thank you for your generous wish, my dear Emily, returned her smiling companion; but I am perfectly satisfied with it in its present state, and shall always value it for the giver's sake.

Ah! resumed Emily, I had forgotten;—you don't care for money and finery.

I have no great liking to show, Emily; but I certainly think money desirable sometimes,

though I believe it cannot always make us happy. Do you know, I wished to be rich this morning?

What for? inquired the other.

You shall hear: I arose very early to finish your bag, and had just completed it, and warming my hands by a comfortable fire, when Mrs. Smith (who keeps the cake-shop) came to ask papa's advice on a melancholy occasion. Some market-people going to London with vegetables, at day-break, discovered a poor little girl, lying in the foot-path, almost frozen to death. Mrs. Smith's being the nearest habitation, they conveyed her thither, where, with much care and warm flannel, she was restored to recollection. Her story is simple, but sad. She is an orphan, and resided, until very lately, with her grandfather, a poor infirm old man, whose only employment was making matches, which the child hawked about the streets.

The grandfather died suddenly a fortnight back, since which time the wretched child has wandered from morn till eve, often receiving shelter within the porch of a door during night, and subsisting on charity in the day. A young lady gave her sixpence the day before yesterday; this procured her a night's lodging and supper; but yesterday she was again destitute, her stock of matches exhausted, and the basket alone remained of her property.

A sudden thought induced her to try water.

cresses as the next article for sale; but, a stranger to the outskirts of town, she could fix on no direct spot likely to produce them. Chance brought her to Chelsea Common, where, overcome by fatigue, she laid herself down, and fell asleep; the night was far spent when she awoke, when, frightened at the dreariness of the scene, she hurried on, unconscious of the road she was taking, or the distance from London; but her half-frozen limbs could no longer sustain her feeble frame; added to which, she was weak from want of food, and sank insensibly to the earth, in which state she was found by the market-people.—Only think, my dear Emily, what a melancholy fate is this child's, who is but eight years of age. I could like to keep her myself, but papa cannot afford to increase his family expenses; however he will protect her until something effectual is done for her future maintenance. Emily's cheeks turned pale, her eyes filled with tears, but she had not the power to speak. Her heart smote her, as the principal cause of the young mendicant's sufferings; for she doubted not it was the match-girl she had seen in Bond-street. At length, a flood of tears relieved her oppressed feelings, and, to the bosom of her friend she confided her forebodings and remorse of conscience. Miss Wilmot's opinion coincided as to the girl's being the same, but she endeavoured to soften

Emily's conduct from her ignorance of the orphan's real situation. True, replied she, but I saw she was unhappy, and looked almost starved. I had plenty of dolls at home, yet purchased another, merely to possess one like the daughter of a duchess; that money would have maintained the hungry girl a month: yesterday too, when I saw her insulted, heard her threatened, I felt pity, but made no effort to relieve her, until it was too late. To-day, when I listened to the old man's account, I was sorry, and certainly intended to send her a trifle; but papa's present, and the pleasures of the evening, soon erased it from remembrance; while a poor woman, like Mrs. Smith, was comforting and taking care of her. Surely I must have a very bad heart.—Not so, my dearest Emily, interrupted Mary; on the contrary, a very kind one, when you allow yourself to follow its dictates.

And I will follow its dictates now (cried she, pressing the hand of her comforter), and away she flew, rather than ran, to the breakfast-parlour. Mrs. Hastings and Mr. Mason were still there, and listened to her confessions with as much surprise as they granted her request with pleasure. It was to take charge of the little orphan altogether.

But what is your plan for the future? asked her papa. —Emily hesitated, for she had not decided on any.—Shall I propose one? said her aunt.



Emily answered in the affirmative.

Then suppose, my dear, you solicit papa to establish a school for six female orphans, to be clothed and maintained at your expense, and who, at a certain age, should be settled in some trade or pursuit of a nature to secure honest independence.

I accede to your plan most readily, returned Mr. Mason; but, as Emily alone merits censure in this affair, I think it is but just she should cede some luxury towards defraying the necessary expense.—I will yield all right to toys and pocket-money for ever, cried Emily, with energy.

To the first I agree, replied Mr. Mason, but the latter shall be continued, because I now hope my Emily is more capable of using it than heretofore. She may add to her own comforts by procuring them for others. As soon as we are settled in the country we will begin our laudable undertaking; meanwhile, your aunt will protect your protégée.

We must seek after her immediately, observed Mrs. Hastings, and she rang the bell to give orders. Emily returned to the library, and, coherently as joy would allow, unfolded to her friend the happiness in view. Mary congratulated her on the event, and sincerely rejoiced in the match-girl's change of fortune. This day was the happiest of Emily's life; she met her juvenile party with more than usual gaiety; yet, contrary to former feelings, had

no desire to blazon the act of charity about to be performed. Mary Wilmot, however, had whispered the tale, and all united in praising the blush. Emily, who, ere she retired to rest, crept softly into one of the attics, and beheld the pallid cheek of her new charge, reclining upon a clean warm bed: she was in a sweet slumber, unconscious of past sorrow or coming good. Emily pressed her lips to the forehead of the sleeper; and, while she secretly vowed to protect her through life, returned grateful thanks to Providence, for investing her with power to shield

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